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Horror in Culture & Entertainment

FULL MOON

over Hollywood

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Empire of
CHARLES
BAND

FAIRY
TALE
TERROR

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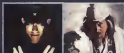
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NOTE FROM UNDERGROUND

#10

Fear – real fear – usually doesn't happen in the eyes, it happens in the mind. Think about that for a second. Most people talk about being frightened of things, things like airplanes, or heights or angry men wielding an assortment of domestic appliances. But really what they mean is that they are petrified at what they imagine might be the case if they fell on the wrong side of one of these ideas – either being in a plane crash, or falling from a building, or falling prey to a chainsaw-wielding maniac.

All of these ideas are played out in the mind – general fears, specific fears – but all of them are only tied second-hand to things we see. That is why when most people talk about being frightened at something they saw, they probably mean that whatever they saw tapped into some fear they had been harbouring in their minds for some time.

Now think about this: if the preceding is true, then horror films as a worthwhile pursuit (assuming in this instance that we're talking about films that set out to scare people) are in deep trouble. After all, how are you supposed to scare people by showing them something, if the trick is to get inside their minds? Books have an easier time, intimacy and isolation are often integral components to reading, not to mention that the literary drama is played out in the theatre of the mind.

But films are different. Films have to somehow come up with that thing, that visual that is going to get under your skin and give you a severe case of the shivers. No wonder most horror movies don't even attempt the task, preferring instead to settle for the gross out and hope that audiences will confuse it for fear.

The good news is that film is not restricted to the eyes, primarily because a film can tell a story and stories, of course, happen in the mind. It's a tricky thing, mind you, to tell a story using visuals and try and get in the mind. The technique, ironically enough, is not to rely on the visuals, put the emphasis on the characters and the logic of the situation you are presenting. In other words, the drama.

You may be surprised at how easy this can be.

This month, we are featuring an article on a film called *The Blair Witch Project* that – if it doesn't change the way horror movies are made, it ought to. This is a film that is an affront to virtually every cinematic convention associated with horror filmmaking throughout one hundred years of horror movie history. Even the horror films that dabbled in realism in the early '70s could learn something from it.

Starting on page 15, we bring you an in-depth interview with one of the film's creators, a young student who, along with his friend and a couple of cameras, came up with a nail biter of a story, easily the most frightening cinematic experience in the last twenty years.

Think about that for a second. How could they have done it? How could they have pulled the wool over one hundred years of horror filmmaking to create something terrifyingly new? With two cameras, three actors, no lighting and no effects crew? Want to know how they did it?

They thought about it.

•RG

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HORROR IN CULTURE & ENTERTAINMENT

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RUE MORQUE #10 would not have been possible without the valuable assistance of:

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VIDEO VIBES

Cover: Full Moon Pictures' *Sabbat*.

Rue Morgue Magazine accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, photos, art or other materials. Preference submissions accompanied by S.A.S.T. will be seriously considered and if necessary returned.

RUE MORQUE MAGAZINE #10

ISSN 1481-3103

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PRINTED IN CANADA

POST MORTEM

QUESTIONS · COMMENTS · CRITICISM

Grave Dave

It looks to me like David Cronenberg has been getting a lot of howls lately, especially since he made *Cosh*. That might explain why he is so serious about his latest film (David Cronenberg: *Modes of Existence*2). But *Existence*2 was hardly the heavy soup he had been promising horror buffs since his effective rendering of *The Fly*. I think he should make a comedy next.

Alternately,
David Edel
New York

David Cronenberg does things in the mainstream that embarrasses the alternative crowd. I understand *Existence*2 didn't make an impression on your reviewer that much (Spike Gates - CINEMAQUE RM89), but I thought the movie was brilliant. He shows things in his films that most people don't even have the courage to contemplate in secret.

Gary Abargue
Toronto

A Belated Reaction

For the past 20 years or so, I've been trying to find out the name of a sci-fi movie I saw on a TV late movie, about alien creatures discovered during subway tunnel construction. No one I've ever spoken to has known what movie this is, but I remember it as being excellent and would love to see it again.

I recently ordered back issues of *Rae Magazine* #'s 2, 3, and 4. While reading issue #3 yesterday, what did I find, but a review of the video release of *Quatermass and the Pit* (a.k.a. *Five Million Years to Earth*) describing the exact plot details I remembered from that late movie! Thank you for answering this nagging question.

Brad Hinchings
Ottawa, Ontario

A Belated Response

In your article "Demons on the Web" (*Rae*



R 1 P
Issue #9 May/June 1999

Morgue, January/February 1999), you state that I "believe that the answer to every 'Please ID this film' query is *Model Hotel*." This is not correct. On several occasions I have named *Dead & Buried*.

Ye old vet,
Waldemar Walpurgis (Dr.)
United Kingdom

The Laughing Dead

Just wanted to drop you a note and thank you for your kind and well read-between-the-lines review of our sloppy little taste flick *Laughing Dead*. I swear it seems like the only people that "get" what we were trying to do either live outside of our country or are one of the three - other than me - Jerdonately fans. And boy howdy have we already shipped that shoebox up there with our pressions.

Really though, we could bug you all, press like this is like cancer-free, harm-free steroids for an indie film like us. Even better than *Psychoplasance*! LONG LIVE THE NEW FLESH! - and intelligent, complicated, challenging horror! And you Road, and

the rest of *Rae Morgue*!

A severed head and a North American mountain of gratitude and appreciation
Your friends,

Patrick Gleason and Nancy Rhee
Sanitized Pictures
Los Angeles, CA

Neil Garmen

Shoreline is to Neil Garmen what *Eyes of the Dragon* was to Stephen King. It's nice that he gave us art cinema, but I hope he gets back to the main course. I stopped hearing about *The Sordness* awhile ago and it's too bad because I've been waiting for it a long, long time.

Shawn Dunn
Washington, DC

Voluptuous Kembra

I dig that spread you guys did on Kembra and her band. It's the second best article I've seen next to the spread she did in *Penn-Anne*. The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black is the best rock and roll group going, no question. The horror stuff and Kembra's hot looks are the bonus.

Later,
Tweaky
Philadelphia, PA

Correction

Our last issue mistakenly credited a picture belonging to Monster Rally 1999 to Monster Bash 1999 (Monster Bash Lunches into Pittsburgh - *Dreadlines* RM89). *Rae Morgue* regrets the error.

LETTERS POLICY

We encourage readers to send their comments via mail or e-mail. Letters may be edited for length and/or content. Please send to: morgue@uic.edu or

POST MORTEM

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Issue #2
Features art of Jeff Ryser, Jerry Doyle
talks about the 1970s, horror cinema
from Argentina & Europe, more \$5



Issue #3
Has Marguerite on Tim Sauer
interviews, Peter Sarsgaard, 1960s
art in horror cinema, 1965, more \$5



Horror is Culture & Entertainment

RUE MORGUE

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Issue #9
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FULL MOON OVER HOLLYWOOD

NOW IN ITS TENTH YEAR OF PUBLISHING
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DOLLS, MAD SCIENTISTS AND
SEXY BABES,

CHARLES BAND

**SAYS THE NEXT
MILLENNIUM
WILL ONLY
BRING
MORE...**

BY ROD GUDING

Killer dolls!
Outrageous
monsters! Bloody
mayhem! Surveying the full
scope of a Full Moon Pictures cat-
alogue is not unlike being caught in a cyclone
of menacing caricatures and strange self-
worlds only marginally connected to our
own. There resides Andre Toulon with his
family of vamps, bloodthirsty puppets, the
rat-like Rodeo and his coterie of aristocratic
vampires; a giant eyeball with a penchant for
rubbing young ladies' disembodied heads,
demons, witches and monsters. And Charles
Band would have it no other way.

A writer, director and producer, Band
founded his empire of dark fantasy in 1969;
at the time, he was one of the few who

believed that a revolution in filmmaking lay
in the underdeveloped home video market.
Inspired by the colorful, imaginative and
fantastic illustrations of the comic books of
his youth, Band decided to develop a video
line that would emulate the collectible market
of the comic.

His first success, a film about an eccentric
cannibal and his sinister, murderous puppets
born an uncanny resemblance to the horror
fables of retribution found in Marvel comics,

not to mention
the older *Erle* and
George. Audiences wel-
comed Band's references
with open arms. They made *Puppet
Master* a record topping success, with an
unfathomable 60,000 videos sold.

As the fledgling home video market gradu-
ally matured, Full Moon went on to make it
franchise out of *Puppet Master* (currently on
his sixth installment) and cultivated a trend
that would consistently outsell the average
genre film. Employing a philosophy of more
is better and stretching his money as thin as
the paper it was printed on, Band exploded
into a fury of creativity, launching film after
film bearing the unmistakable stamp of Full
Moon Pictures.

Now, ten years later, Band holds an enviable position atop Full Moon's headquarters in the entertainment landscape of Hollywood California. Success has allowed his company to expand into merchandising (Full Moon Toys), the youth video market (Moon-beans) and even adult videos (Surrender Chama). With offices and production facilities in Hollywood and Burbank, Band (and a second facility in Long Beach), Full Moon has become a production entity whose releases schooled up in the stuff of fantasy.

"We're up to that ludicrous speed of three to four films a month," says the studio head. "This year we'll probably wind up shooting about forty films which is I think some kind of record - not that the idea is to shoot forty films, but it's definitely something."

It certainly is. Judging by the volume of titles that adorn the walls of Full Moon's LA offices, the inevitable impression revolves around the question of exactly how Charles Band pulled it all off.

Part of the answer lies in his early decision to aggressively promote Full Moon as a viable, viable brand. Aside from ones that remain in the-



tional gorgeous women, outrageous plotlines (The Killer Eye, KRAM, Blood of the Dragon) and an impressive number of living dolls (Puppet Master, Dracula).

Now and the upcoming Blood of the Dragon tapped out his videos with colorful, like fireworks, and a half-hour video presentation blinks adults out of each feature. The offbeatness was simple yet effective; the creativity was all needed to give Full Moon a unique and profitable touch that worked worldwide with sales across the world.

If anything, Full Moon films have only forced sensationally to Band's original vision (see below), an incredible feat given that his company has produced 200 films in ten years. And while fans have accepted that watching a Full Moon release means being subjected to anything from the poetic thrills of *Surrender Friends* and *Dracula vs. Demonic*, there is the sweeping vampire operas of *Saboteur*, it is a burden they are more than willing to bear. The outlying screen among fans had even run-time is that - far better or far worse - there is nothing quite like a Full Moon movie anywhere else on the planet. And that is certainly worth something.

Joe Hynes spoke to Charles Band at Full Moon's LA headquarters in late May.

W Oh, to many films being put out, I suspect that quantity must hurt quality at some point. Is that true?

Well, you obviously look at the whole output and you say, okay, these three or four are going to be exceptional, we'll put those into those. We're putting another *Saboteur* film, for example, which is a really important franchise, and *Killer Puppet Masters* and *Blood of the Dragon* - those are three that are our more important films. But the business is in a really weird state, you're either doing something unique like what we're doing and hanging on, or you're out of business.

There are very few independents left because the market has changed so dramatically. Our formula is to deliver constantly and to build those various labels and franchises so we can make more movies and fewer dollars. It's a strange formula but it seems to be working, plus I enjoy making movies. If someone were to say "listen, you have a choice of making one large movie this year, or thirty-five or forty small movies," even if the large movie would be deemed old prestigious, I'd go for the small picture.

Really into Marvel comics. I grew up in Italy where there was virtually no television at that time, and not a lot of comic movies made a mark. Whether it was making or being made the result of the collection of comics - in any case it was Marvel - that whole fantasy realm was very intriguing, it's what I enjoyed. In a way - I've said this before - I really feel like I'm making the comic books of the nineties. Today comic books aren't selling anymore, other than a few *Superman*. Kids are getting bored or buying or renting video games, or they're surfing the Internet - that's where things are. So in a way I'd like to hope that the year 2000 will be year one for Full Moon, I think these ten years have been getting up to speed trying to find ourselves, to reinvent our own little business because no one else is doing this. And so next year I really think it's going to be the beginning, if we're going to have a little golden age. Again, harkening back to Marvel comics, I think it begins in the year 2000, I think we'll really have our stuff together. We'll be supporting our four or five franchise films like *Saboteur* and others, and hopefully we'll get better at doing what we're doing. And if our day tomorrow is looking at a coffee table book and it's got four or five hundred films in there, it will all



Killer dolls have been a big part of Full Moon films.

because we're not coming out like a major turnover weekend, spending \$30 million to make the North American population aware of a big movie release. We probably wind up spending that amount of money over five years. Little by little, brick by brick, people have come to know who we are.

How many films do you currently have out?
I haven't quite figured it out, but certainly by the end of the year I will have made about 200 movies.

What's your most popular series?

Puppet Master followed closely by *Subspecies*. They're almost neck and neck, but *Puppet Master* is up to its seventh installment and *Subspecies* is going into the fifth in the series, so *Puppet Master* had a little head start as well. And the first *Puppet Master* was unbelievably successful for a direct to video. *Subspecies* has always done well. It's had a real following but we're talking in terms of sheer numbers. Plus *Puppet Master* has benefited because of the fact that it's populated by these very neat puppets which we've now released in action figures, whereas *Subspecies* doesn't have a series of action figures, we only have one, Rado, the main vampire. For all these reasons, *Puppet Master* is definitely more successful for us.

Your films have recurring themes, beautiful people, a fair bit of sex and sex, drugs and violence. It seems that when a Full Moon picture comes out, it's relatively easy to identify. Why is that?

THE DEAD HATE THE LIVING

Aside from having the most lock-us-ins title for a horror flick this year, Full Moon Pictures' *The Dead Hate the Living* will be cause for celebration for a couple of other reasons. The movie will herald Full Moon's belated arrival to the zombie genre, and will also signify the directorial debut of Dave Parker, the company's resident zombie specialist.

Rae Morjan visited Parker on set for a day's worth of shooting, and an early glimpse at what may be a coming-of-the-bur-

for a genre that hasn't progressed since the works of George Romero.

"*The Dead Hate the Living* is more inspired



"IT MAY SEEM STRANGE, BUT I DON'T MAKE FILMS THAT ARE MEAN-SPIRITED, NONE OF THE SCRIPTS ARE. IF ANY OF THEM ARE REMOTELY MEAN-SPIRITED, THEN IT WAS BY ACCIDENT."

There are a fair amount of things that we do consciously or subconsciously that sort of make these pictures look like a film that I've done. I would say the things that are easy to talk about range from putting a lot of emphasis on the look of the movie. With some exceptions I think our pictures look good, they don't look cheap, we go more upscale with directors of photography and lighting and production values. Again, there's a range, there are some that are extremely

good-looking and some that aren't very good-looking, but there is definitely a feel and a look to these movies, something that identifies them as a group. Beyond that, there are just some things that you won't see in these films. It may seem strange, but I don't make films that are mean-spirited, none of the scripts are. If any of them are remotely mean-spirited, then it was by accident. I don't make slasher movies. If violence is happening, it's real fun creature vio-

by *Return of the Living Dead* and Lucio Fulci than it is by Romero," Parker told us. "Our zombies don't eat people, both for budgetary reasons and to make sure we get the R rating. But I also thought it was cooler in the sense that they don't have to eat people, they're just really pissed off. And they're going to mess you up real bad."

Described as a "self-reflecting, revisionist zombie film," *The Dead Hate the Living* centres around a group of filmmakers who stumble across a dead body and a strange machine which, once activated, lets loose a horde of homo sapiens-hating zombies.

Parker is placing as much emphasis on his creatures (especially the two leading zombies Gaunt and Meggot) as on their victims, who find themselves ill equipped and must instead rely on their wits to survive. *The Dead Hate the Living* will also feature some staples, including a grave hunting scene (obligatory for zombie films), and a mad scientist (obligatory for Full Moon films), not to mention enough kill scenes to rank as a

Photo: Paul Salerni (in zombie make-up) and director Dave Parker. Lead zombies Gaunt and Meggot close around

respectable addition to the zombie canon.

A strong buzz at Full Moon around the project is indicative that something unusual will be coming down the pipe when post-production wraps up sometime later this year. And if the shoot was any indication, the resulting movie is going to give fans something they haven't seen before.

"If there is anybody who can make the bar, it's Dave," co-writer Paul Salerni echoed an oft-repeated sentiment. "You're talking about somebody who has really worked hard for this opportunity, who really has a lot of respect, really cares and knows about the genre, especially the zombie genre. Honestly, I think this is going to stand out of the pack."

Creative sock in-depth and behind the scenes of *The Dead Hate the Living*. Stay very tuned.



leaze. In my opinion, also being the father of four kids, kids know that if a little monster is doing something evil and nasty, it's just a pretend monster, but you put a guy in a ski mask and you have him chop someone up, that's so close to reality. So I keep these films very fantasy oriented. The good guys are always beating the bad guys, nothing too twisted, and you'll never find anyone smoking in my movies!" [laughter] I don't have a problem with people who want to smoke, it's just that it's not a great habit. Why send a message to kids, who are the biggest part of our audience, that smoking is cool? We all know it's not a good thing. So there's a bunch of that kind of stuff. The movie is usually good because we go a little overboard with it, we don't use car scenes, we do - with few exceptions - original music for every film. There's a bunch of stuff that makes you realize at some point that oh, this must be one of those Full Moon movies.

You talk about these films in terms of their value for entertainment. Have you ever had the need to use a film as a vehicle to either explore or communicate a personal belief or ideal?

No, I am happy entertaining. That's all it is.

A lot of your films are not frightening in the conventional sense. There isn't that point where I am sitting at the edge of my seat, and yet there are a lot of horrific images there that the average viewer might take away from. Is it conscious decision to keep it from being frightening that way?

I can't claim that that's something that we're designing in these movies. In a way - and I think there are a few pictures that are creeping out that will be purely frightening films. But you know we don't have a huge amount of money, we have very little money. And still, with few exceptions, all the big movies being released are genre films -



they're just handed to two hundred million-dollar versions of my kind of movie - they can out-market, out-distribute, out-promote there's no way I can compete. The best thing I can do is try

to make something that is closer than is more character driven, or maybe there's a garnish involved. You wind up writing a script that becomes not so much scary, but it's not having those visceral boom-ba pictures with big budgets can do. Now that doesn't mean you can't make a real scary creepy movie for no money, but it seems that for whatever reason, we're not making that sort of shock film. It's not that we don't want to make one, like I said, there are a few coming out that are going to be purely scary pictures.

I understand you have a new storyline developed for Subspecies. Can you give us the scoop on that?

Sure. We've had a lot of people over the years ask for Rade's back story - when does he come from and so forth. So our picture begins in 1000 AD and it begins with Rade before he becomes a vampire. The beginning of the film gives us his origins and then we go into a continuation of where we left off and it involves Ash, whom we introduced in the vampire journals, and Mihaela and so forth. It's the most ambitious one for sure, we're starting off in medieval times, so

we have all that stuff happening. We're really being off the big one here. We're shooting in the summer and hope to have it out in January or February of 2000.

Was Rade now created?

Yes.

Can you tell us where he came from? He's an amalgam of all the vampire films that I've ever watched. It's far to say that Ted Neeleman



Subspecies: Full Moon's vampire opens two armed a loyal cult audience. Two scenes featuring lead vampire Rade (Anders Hove)

and I together created the series. I mean it was my concept and my art, and my sort of vision that Ted brought life into. The vampire was the result of pulling a little bit from Anne Rice, and a little bit from the movies we've all loved, maybe a sprinkling of *Dracula* is there, but he's a pretty complex character, especially now that we're going to tell his back story and people will see him for the first time without his makeup. They will see a young, handsome man that becomes this twisted character. Subspecies would have been such a great TV series and we tried a couple of times - it's very tough to break into that market - but had we the opportunity to deliver a weekly episode, we would have done some great stuff. We've barely scratched the surface. We've only made four movies and there's so much more we can be doing, they are such wonderful characters.

Blood Dolls is, of course, your brand new franchise. What's it about?

It's got all the obvious stuff, it's got three new dolls that are pretty amazing. It's got a bizarre all-girl rock and roll group in a cage and they're playthings for this rich guy who has a big mask. Later in the movie we reveal that underneath the mask and booming voice he has the head of one of an arcade, so he's this crazy Bill Gates kind of weird guy. Besides the three dolls, he has a clown-faced bouncer and this dwarf. The picture is so full of this weirdness that we've become known for and I'm really, really happy with it. Blood Dolls is going to be really good, it's got a lot of colour and some of the stuff we do best. I hope you like it. ■



Blood Dolls: Perri and Blade get out for some destruction

Dreadlines

News Highlights

FantAsia '99 set for month-long festival of alternative cinema

Montreal's ever popular, ever influential festival of subversion, bizarre and just plain psychotic cinema will be opening its doors yet again, from July 23rd to August 15th, onto its third season. Though plans have not been set to extend the festival to Toronto as was the case last year, organizers are promising double the impact at FantAsia's hometown of Montreal.

"This year's going to be incredible," says Mark Davis, a long-standing festival executive. "We've got a second venue lined up (the brand new, surrealistically high tech Ex-Centris Cinema), which will give us tons more screening slots. We can do titles more than once, but more important, we've got the space to take even more chances than before."

He says the festival will be screening documentary films, a few more retro faves than usual, more shorts, and some startling indie pics that might have otherwise fallen outside of the presumed range of FantAsia's focus.

"I'm not talking about doing Merchant Ivory productions, but if it's gritty, honest, aggressive, passionate, provocative, dangerous or bulls out psychosis, then we're always interested," Davis told *Rue Morgue*.

Details on the screenings were unavailable as of press time, but we were able to learn that among the screenings for FantAsia '99 will be *Delaware*, *Mark of the Devil*, *In a Glass Cage*, *Carrie*, *Murderer At Central High*, *Dr. Butcher M.D.*, a *Santo* suspense and a tribute to German arthouse legend Jörg Buttgereit, with screenings of *Nikro-*



Mark Davis with Angus Scrimm at last year's FantAsia

month, *Schizogen*, and a short film of his called *Meris Paps*.

"Trust me, people will be blown away!" exclaims Davis. Take his word or check it out for yourself at www.fantasiastad.com.

Teen horror: 14 minutes and counting

As further evidence that Hollywood's interest in teen horror films is waning, the industry trades last month were reporting on the final entries in two wildly successful franchises: Bob Weinstein of Dimension Films announced that *Scorned 3* will be the last movie for the series. Weinstein cited dwindling box office returns for other genre films such as *Life Hooks* and *The Rage*. *Corrie 2*, as well as reports that Dimension's own film, *The Faculty*, only earned \$40 million, despite a \$30 million marketing campaign with Tommy Hilfinger (the film is expected to gross

about \$60 million overseas).

Meanwhile, Jennifer Love Hewitt has said that there will be a third film in the *I Know What You Did Last Summer* franchise, but that it will be the last. Hewitt made her comments while promoting the series' second film in Europe. She reportedly predicted that teen horror films will vanish in the next decade before the next "craze" develops and the cycle begins anew.

It seems she is onto something, taking into consideration that when Hollywood begins to parody a genre, that genre is on its last legs. In recent months, several teen horror parody projects have been launched, some of which we made mention previously in this column.

Now comes word that Warner Films nixed its entry, *I Know What You Scorned Last Summer*, into production last month in order to get a jump on the competition. The film stars Tara Arnold, Cooke, Tiffany-Amber Thiesman, Rose Marie, Shirley Jones and Jerry Walker. John Blanchard is directing, from a script by Joe Nefco and Sue Bailey.



Obituary: Oliver Reed 1928-1999

British actor Oliver Reed died May 2 in Malta as a result of a heart attack in a bar at the age of 66. Reed appeared in fifty-three films throughout his career, mostly in the roles of handsome rakes, twixty psychos or unruly rebels.

Rattled by drinking problems and his brawls, Reed's career soon became overshadowed by the events, but the actor's career hardly had any regrets. To most film fans, Reed is probably best known for his portrayal of the werewolf in the 1961 Hammer horror classic *The Curse of the Werewolf*, incidentally the actor's first leading role. He quickly became typecast as a villain, and will always be remembered for portrayals in *The Devils*, *Beast of Geostones*, and *The 300*.



The gig may be up for least sleazy film

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Hurt So Good: Celebrating 20 years of a horror classic

Actor John Hurt was in Toronto recently to help celebrate the 20th anniversary of *Alien*, the sci-fi horror classic in which he played the creature's first victim, Kane. The two-time Oscar nominee spent the day talking to the city's media before introducing a special showing of all four *Alien* films that evening at the new AMC theatres in Vaughan, Ontario.

Twentieth Century Fox Home Video has also recently released a limited-edition repackaging of *Alien*, *Aliens* (with nearly 20 minutes of additional footage courtesy of director James Cameron), *Alien 3* and *Alien Resurrection* (now available at a well-deserved price), along with *The Alien Legacy*, a documentary about the making of the first film.

Hurt, well-known for his roles in *The Elephant Man*, 1984, *Midnight Express* and

Conan, remains impressed with the film's enduring power.

"It definitely holds up," he commented. "I was very intrigued to see how that would work. The only certain giveaway [to the film's age] - that nobody would do now - is that people were smoking cigarettes, which I love. It just helps you feel that this is life, this is people getting on with the job. But you wouldn't get that now, not in the clinic, new feature. Smoking cigarettes? Good heavens, no. It will be a smoke-free society, I'm sure."

The 59-year-old Brit returns to the horror arena this fall in the supernatural thriller *Lost Souls* (currently scheduled for release October 8). Hurt, who co-stars with Winona Ryder and Ben Chaplin, plays Father Lamson, a priest who is also an exorcist. The plot revolves around the Catholic



The original crew of the ill-fated *Nostromo* church's attempts to find Sauron's return to the Earth. Curiously enough, Hurt says that he and Ryder, who co-starred with Sigourney Weaver in *Alien Resurrection*, never swapped *Alien* stories during filming.

"No, I don't remember us doing that, oddly," he says. "Maybe she wanted to forget it?"

-Sean Plummer



Bernie Wrightson fan club premieres

pierrats and discounts on artwork and Channing Munko Studios comic books and related items.

Wrightson, who is best known for his work on DC's original Swamp Thing series (Vol. 1, Issues 1-10), has also made contributions to *Batman: The Cult* comic book magazines, Stephen King's novel *The Stand*, and the films *Ghostbusters*, *My Demon Lover* and *The Faculty*. He credits the success of his art to a mix of horror and humor.

"There's a real fine line between zom-

bies and werewolves and vampires, and just being completely ridiculous about it," he says. "We're not talking about real-life horror, you know, that's not a laughing matter at all. But this kind of fantasy stuff - monsters and ghosts and the campy 'everyday is Halloween' stuff - it's just a small step over the line to be uproarious."

Look for the Official Bernie Wrightson Fan Club on the world wide web at:

www.berniewrightson.com.

Legendary comic book artist Bernie Wrightson has launched an official fan club devoted to thirty years of his work in horror. The Official Bernie Wrightson Fan Club kicked off this past March and will give members access to exclusive works not available anywhere else, personally autographed and overlooked by the legendary artist himself.

"At first I thought, gee, I don't think there's enough interest to have a fanclub," Wrightson told *Rue Morgue*. "But then I got talked into it, so I thought I'd give it a try and see what would happen."

With just over one hundred members and counting, the Wrightson fan club provides members with the latest news on the artist, including appearances in person and in print, exclusive Wrightson par-

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What's Brooding...

It's monster time again—Clear your calendar between August 6 and 8 for Arlington, Virginia's Monster Rally. Among the fan-faves converging on the fest will be Ingrid Pitt (*The Vampire Lovers*, *The House that Dropped Blood*, etc.) and fanged granddaddy Christopher Lee, who is scheduled to speak and sign copies of his new biography. Also appearing are Marlon Brando, Ray Harryhausen and Sara Kallfoll, as well as countless other prevaricators of movie lore.

Aside from the parade of celebrities, classic films, and panels, an amateur film contest and an auction for charity will be held. The organizers of the Monster Bash, Midnight Marquee Press, invite attendees to nominate films, actors, directors, etc. for the Hall of Shame and Hall of Fame Awards. Prizes will be awarded to the best amateur film entries and best film-related costumes. Call 410-665-1738 to book tickets.

A second wish granted...The deadly Djin will be released once again from the fatal red cap! for *Whisperer 2*, out on video mid-August. This time, the ancient Persian genie will be collecting the souls of 1001 people in his continuing quest to take over Earth and destroy all humanity. Andrew Devoll returns as Djan with an all new cast that will include Bekema Woodbine, Tommy "Tiny" Lister Jr. (*The Fifth Element*) and Robert La Sardo (*Waterworld*).

Jason Never Dies...The rumour mill has been cranking out bogus pressies about *Freddy vs. Jason* for a while now, but has anyone heard of *Jason X*? Yup, it seems the good folks at New Line Cinema just can't give us enough of a good thing, even if they haven't actually gone and done anything in a while. Anyway, *Jason X* (also titled *Jason 2000*) will purportedly be filmed after *Freddy vs. Jason*, which is finally scheduled to start production sometime this Fall. Don't hold your breath though...

Lost and Found...A sequel to 1987's *The Lost Boys* may finally see the light of the moon. The film is reportedly being directed by Robert A. Minkowitz, who directed the vampire film *Cold Hearts*. In fact, the sequel may be a combination of characters and plots from both *Cold Hearts* and *Lost Boys*, under the title *The Lost Boys II: The Coldst of Hearts*. Joel Schumacher, who directed the original *Lost Boys*, is said to be interested in serving as executive producer for the sequel.

July sucks on Space...Get turned to Canada's Space: The Imagination Station for a vampire extravaganza coming in July. Kicking things off will be an eight-part series, *Kindred: the Embroider*, starting July 7 and starring Jeff Kober as a re-vamped Nedraza who opens the doors to the supernatural world of the Kindred and its bizarre inhabitants.

Space will also be parting their July Midnight Mondays with the Japanese *End of Dracula*, about a girl-school run by a vampire headmaster, and *Lake Dracula*, in which Dracula rises again from the depths of a murky lake. Also keep a weary eye open for *Nor of this Earth* (promising lots of grisly madry) and the Canadian *Kweenus* (in which a Transylvanian vampire holes up in Montreal to escape an arranged marriage), both slated for the second half of the month.

*the Blair Witch Project

Anatomy of Fear

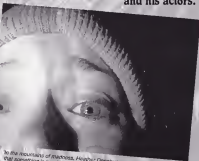
by Emma Anderson

Original Illustration by Chadwich St. John

It's being called the scariest event of the year and the movie that will revolutionize horror filmmaking as we know it.

Screenwriter/director DANIEL MYRICK

lets us in on the method for scaring the pants off his audience... and his actors.



to the mountains of madness. Another Director comes to the realization that something is horribly wrong.

Picture yourself stranded in the woods, paralyzed by the night and bombarded by the physical evidence of your deepest darkest phobias. Too frightening a thought? What if we were to tell you that this story happened to someone else? What if we were to say that in October of 1994, three student filmmakers disappeared in the woods near Blacksburg, Maryland while shooting a documentary and that a year later their footage was found?

Well, it's true. The "scariest, scariest" footage is what the 1995 terrifying festival

gave and arena, pervasively caught cold at advance film screenings across the country. What they have seen is approximately 80 minutes of documentary film, unscripted, unlit (other than with flashlights), and shot by three travelers wandering through the woods with little more than a few cameras, a compass and a tale about a marionette mountain witch. No question, their document is one of the most frightening experiences ever to be caught on film.

What is even more astounding about it, however, is that the film is - in almost every part - utterly, rapturously true. You can

see it in the wide whites of the eyes, in the scorching lips and bone-chilling testimonials that fill the screen, pleading at all times for an exit act escape, even if there is more forthcoming.

Critics Daniel Myrick and Eduardo Sanchez call their experience in fear *The Blair Witch Project*, after the legend of the Blair witch, who reputedly abducted and murdered several children in the Black Hills of Maryland. The two are, at the center of a storm of controversy and adulation regarding the terrifying document they have presented to the world. So far, reactions have

KEE MORGUE PRESENTS

A Capitalized Chronology of the Scariest Films of All Time



1940 Psycho
Alfred Hitchcock
A house on the hill: a shadow in the window, and a mad lady with a fragile only

1963 The Exorcist
Robert Wise

A complex, emotionally damaged woman fights an odd kidnap with an odd dark force

1973 The Exorcist
William Friedkin

The haunted, saint-souled figure of a demon possessed twelve-year-old girl going on her last

1974 Alack Sinner
Robert Clark

A first-time actress studies concepts the occupants of a country house

1974 Texas Chainsaw Massacre
Tobe Hooper

Horrorcapable, fully realized movies...



1980 Jaws
Steven Spielberg
The intensity of the ocean and the shadow of a enormous monster lurking beneath the surface

1977 Suspense
Dante Argento

An odd belief school has a supernatural killer reaching a whole on reality



1978 Halloween
John Carpenter
Masters of shifting darkness and a mysterious, white masked killer

1980 The Changeling
Peter Medak

A house haunted by the hand ghost of a child

1980 The Shining
Stanley Kubrick

Those two little girls

1982 The Thing
John Carpenter

Even shadows look mean; just when do you suspect is followed by a monstrous, shape-shifting alien



1982 Candyman
Bernard Rose
What happens when you find you the owner and say Candyman for sure?

1990 The Blair Witch Project

Daniel Myrick and Eduardo Sanchez
Something so unexplainably happened in the Black Hills of Maryland

followed an ineluctable such "This can't be true." "This can't be true." "Oh my God, it's true!" "Well, is it?"

"There is no truth to it, it's all fiction," chuckles Myrick, knowing that the admission will be greeted with some degree of disappointment, yet glad that he is still being asked the question.

But he admits that he and Sanchez developed their film from the point of view that everything about *The Blair Witch Project* had to come across as completely authentic.

"We were talking about horror movies for some reason," he explains, "we were on that subject about how we didn't have any horror movies around at the time that really scared us, like *The Exorcist* and *The Shining* did. And that kind of led into the topic of those old documentaries that used to creep us out, like *Cleric of the Gods*, *A Search of Africa*, and those old UFO documentaries, those Nurey pictures of flying saucers and things like that. And we thought that it would be cool to do a horror movie that was in that format."

Myrick and Sanchez became obsessed with the idea of bringing a new type of realism to the screen and, to that end, developed an unprecedented, novel way of shooting their film. They decided it would be best if the actors themselves shot their experiences as makers of their own documentary. Then, they withheld the script from them and stranded them in the woods for eight days.

Consequently, the film's three leads, Josh Locant, Heather Donahue and Michael Williams had only a vague idea of the storyline and no idea of the actual events that were to take place. They only knew that they had to remain in character for eight days during a trek through a stretch of wilderness reputed to be haunted by a malevolent ghost of some sort. Each day, the weary travellers would find new film stock to keep their cameras rolling, and cryptic letters from their absent directors.

"About a month prior to shooting, we outlined everything that was going to take place in those eight days," explains Myrick, "hour to hour, how we wanted this world to be created, how we wanted these actors to interact through this world. The actors didn't know what was coming, it was strictly on a need to know basis, as we gave them direction notes a couple of times each day to say, 'ok, now you have to go to way point



Blair Witch Project exploring fear through documentary

five in your GTA, and be there by seven o'clock... you're going to be surprised at what you see." And that's what they would get."

All Josh, Heather and Michael had to do was improvise their reactions based on what they saw or heard.

"We kind of took a first person approach to the directing," continues Myrick. "Each actor would receive an individual note and for example, Michael would get something like 'you're really pissed off because you're a day late on returning your DAT recorder. Sometime around the middle of the day, pitch a fit.' And then we'd leave a note for Heather, 'you're still stern about finding the cemetery location, so don't take any shit from the guys.' So we kind of gave them these first person notes to make an attempt to keep their dynamic working and at the same time we shadowed them in the woods, and listened to how they were reacting to each other and how things were going and how their emotions were running. Then we'd watch the dailies at the end of the night and we what was getting shot and what wasn't getting shot."

Of course, there were several times when the actors were not improvising, mainly because they were scared out of their wits at what was happening around them. The highly talked about ending, which is the film's climactic point (don't worry, we're not going to give it away) stands out as one of the most brilliantly realized splices of fear cinema. Here, the nightmare rises to a piercing crescendo, and apparently, the fear on screen could not be more raw.

"We made an attempt the first time for it to work and their cameras were just off the scale," laughs Myrick, "but blocking wise it didn't work out and our battery on our light went down so we had to re-shoot that scene several times. But the audio, which was the best audio a normal wise, was on that first take. We used a lot of that first take audio on the finished film, because it was all POV stuff, so we could get away with that. That's

“Your own interpretation of what’s under the bed is different than mine, but they’re both damn scary.”

where it paid off, we got emotion on that first take.”

After having witnessed the resulting experimental nightmare, there is no doubt in our minds that *The Blair Witch Project* will probably become the next major horror movie paradigm, to be emulated endlessly as new fears are explored in mockumentary style. Ironically enough, however, *The Blair Witch Project* will not have created a superior bogey monster out of its central figure of fear, the Blair witch herself. Myrick explains why.

“I think that’s what I liked most about *The Exorcist* and *The Shining* and those movies that really affected me as a kid,” he admits. “You never really saw the evil spirit; you just saw its effects on people. And that was the way it was with us; what could we possibly have created, especially on our budget, at the end of the film that would have lived up to the audience’s expectations? It’s better to let the imagination of the audience run wild, to let them create their own bogeyman, ‘cause that’s ten times scarier than anything we can fabricate. Your own interpretation of what’s under the bed is different than mine, but they’re both damn scary.”

Granted, with *Godzilla* barely on video and a new wave of high-budget slasher films inundating theatres, some people – Myrick among them – find it hard to think that a little indie film is going to change everything. Nevertheless, horror entertainment has had a rich history with realism, and the time seems ripe for the pendulum to swing back from the fantastic excesses of CGI and effects-driven shocks, to a more real – and consequently more human – horror.

“I’m really interested to see what happens,” says Myrick. “When we were shooting *Blair*, we knew it was a huge gamble and we thought, ‘we’re either going to have something really cool here or really funny.’ Our intention was just to make a scary film, to see what scares us and go after that. If it aspires to a new era of horror – I hate to say that but it’s been mentioned – then so be it. But I’m not totally confident that the general public is going to embrace this film. The toughest part with it will be them accepting the format and not wanting another *Scream*, not wanting a Freddy Krueger payoff at the end.” ■

IN SEARCH OF... THE BLAIR WITCH

OK, there’s no such thing as a Blair Witch, but do you want to pretend there still is? Look for the new book from Penguin, which we take a more investigative approach to the events that transpired in the Black Hills of Maryland. The book will include more in-depth interviews and personal journal accounts written by the doomed filmmaking team.

Only Pricer will be handling a comic book based on the movie, and we’ll expand the mythology of the Blair Witch to cover the events that occurred in the Black Hills prior to the shooting of the documentary.

An exhaustive website at www.blairwitch.com will inform you on release dates and additional information.

Remember... document everything!

“Scary as hell.”

Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE

THE BLAIR WITCH PROJECT

★



www.blairwitch.com



HE'S COMING TO GET YOU!

STRUWWELPETER and the rise of the horrific FAIRY TALE

BY AMOS CARLEN AND ROD GUBINO

A little boy who gets both his thumbs cut off because he can't stop sucking them, a little girl who burns to death because she plays with matches. Are these scenes from some forsaken horror film? Actually, they are excerpts from a book of children's tales over 150 years old.

Since its publication in 1845, Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann's *Struwwelpeter* (meaning "Shock-headed Peter" and pronounced "Strubelpeter") has sold millions of copies and has been translated into more than 100 languages. This year sees the release of a new edition of the never-the-less *Struwwelpeter* from California's Feral House, featuring the truly horrific illustrations of Sarah Vindetta, complete with the warning that their edition "is not meant to be shown to children."

The environment which gave birth to *Struwwelpeter*, 1840s Germany, was a wealthy stable society, but one that presumably did not blanch at the thought of frightening their kids into obedience. *Struwwelpeter* became something of a classic, and more than a few kids were treated to its

selection of fearful pictures (though less so than the Feral House version) and stories such as the tale of *Stubby Augustus* who refuses to eat his soup, winks away and finally dies five days later — after numerous attempts by his parents to get him to eat.

There is also *Romping Polly* who is told not to frolic because little girls "should never be ill in a heat and hurry." Alas, Polly does not take heed of the advice, takes a fall and loses one of her legs. And then there is *Onkel Paul*, who tortures all manner of creatures until he gets his terrible comeuppance one summer day — described in horrific detail by Hoffmann — as the original King Lear, exacts its revenge on him until he falls "quite dead." Of course, there is also the story of *Little Suck-a-Thumb* and *The Dreadful Story of Pauline and the Matches*, both of which end in grim tragedies, and in the case of *Little Suck-a-Thumb*, physical mutilation.

Feral House's re-release of *Struwwelpeter* is certainly not a modern attempt to desensitize kids, but it is emblematic of a growing movement within horror to plunder children's stories for their inherent ideas of terror and fear. Horror's love affair with children's stories is a growing trend; it has successfully infiltrated the cinematic scene with movies like *The Company of Wolves*, *Snow White*, *A Tale of Terror* (both inspired by the fables of the Brothers Grimm), and to a lesser degree by films like *Ringu*, *Exorcism* and *Child's Play*. The wholesale, unapologetic terror that only children can experience seems to be the impetus behind these films, or in the case of *The Company of Wolves*, the anxieties associated with burgeoning sexuality. Is light of this, it is hardly surprising that horror films have recently been interpreted as



Struwwelpeter's original scarier than (you) and contemporary guise from Feral House



A sampling of horror's increasing interest in fairy tales

"Horror films have recently been interpreted as adolescent versions of the fairy story, particularly those that involve a bogeyman..."

adolescent versions of the fairy story, particularly those that involve — like *Strawwelpeter's* — a sinister wielding marionette — a bogeyman of some sort.

In her recent book, *No Goats Bogeyman*, Marina Warner argues that the psychological history of scary children's stories follows a trajectory from terror and discipline to acceptance and celebration, or what she calls "the pleasure principle." In other words, children grow up fearing the bogeyman as an enforcer of disciplinary codes, but as they get older and the enforcement becomes unnecessary or is simply ignored, the bogeyman is transformed into a figure of entertainment.

This may explain the undying affection that horror audiences have for their bogeymen, notably Halloween's Michael Myers. A *Nightmare on Elm Street's* Freddy Krueger and Jason Voorhees from the *Fridays the 13th* series. Inevitably in their slasher have become, these figures endure because they represent a

harmless signature of a deep childhood fear.

This song also explains why slasher film bogeymen often function as disciplinary figures in their own right, especially with respect to sexual matters. Usually, Jason Voorhees and Michael Myers carefully select their victims, and it's not surprising that many of them are teenagers engaged in bouts of premarital sex. In this respect, slasher films bear an uncanny resemblance to *Strawwelpeter*, since both perpetuate the idea that violent death is an acceptable punishment to a moral transgression.

But fairy tale inspired horror movies aren't all caught up with the idea of a bogeyman exacting retribution from the end of a bloodied instrument. Some of them mine the fairy tale world for its wealth of symbolic references and sexual subtexts. Again, *The Company of Wolves* retells Little Red Riding Hood from the point of view of the girl who gives herself willingly to the wolf. In *Snow White: A Tale of Terror*, the young Snow is a lot less innocent than her counterpart in Grimm's original, and competes with the queen for the king's affections.

Nevertheless, if one accepts Warner's thesis, it would easily explain why horror movies are attracted to the tropes of the fairy tale. After all, both share a central preoccupation with fear and improper conduct. Beyond that, however, horror movies and fairy tales seem to depend on the idea that there is a natural relationship between innocence and terror, one must exist for the other to exist. Granted, fairy stories and slasher films are content to simply make the connection, but that's not to say that it can't be used to re-evaluate issues of fear and morality. As a disciplinary tool, *Strawwelpeter* might have lost its charm, but as a forest for accessing deeper, more lasting horrors, it has never been more relevant. **B**

MARINA WARNER



NO GO TO BOGEYMAN



The Company of Wolves' an adolescent fairy tale of innocence and terror




Horror outcomes in the stories of (top) Little Suck-e-Thumb, Peukle and the Melchies, and Cruel Paul. From *Fear House's* *Strawwelpeter*



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my life with the Thrill Kill Kult

Sin, sex, and darkness. Lead Kultist Groovie Mann guides us through his Electric Inferno.

BY GREGORIUS CHANT

For some people, life is a hell stranger than it seems. They believe everything they read and they walk the streets. They look at the normal up close, and see abnormalities. They live in a film called *The Body Ranch*, only the director is Rorlich Polanski. Kind of like the way Groovie Mann and his cohorts at the Thrill Kill Kult live, they share an oblique view of the world, and are inspired by twisted headlines, a B-movie ethos, sensually ambiguous decadence and a penchant for speed-kill.

Mann and his Kult represent the world gilded with the legends exposed, sinister, sex-trick Bonovie glamour and satiny horror, it's all here in a Gothic distasteful confessionally anonymous called *My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult*.

Their albums are road diaries chronicling a descent into the heart of Hollywood; a map of human desires through the byways of the psyche and the backroads of the passions. As for their music, it's best described through a sampling of their finest moments.

Mr. & Mrs. Borginova Pt. Delicate Tunes, Demons 66 and Portrait of the Damned.

But, as Mann will tell you, there is nothing quite like being caught in the camp explosion provided by a few lost movies, a few lost souls and a lot of pounding chaos. It's the basic reason why *My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult* are the thing that they are, a thing not quite under the bed, but definitely under the covers.

"We just kind of explore our own thing, our own trip," Mann explains (and drawn-out



"I grew up with *Repulse*, *The Innocents*, *The Haunting*," says Groovie Mann. "The music is just a collection of those influences."

THE THRILL KILL KULT DISCOGRAPHY

1990 I See You Spacing and
I See You Spacing
1990 Conventions of a Knife
1991 Sordidport
1993 13 Above the Night
1993 Hit & Run Holiday
1997 A Darker Pen All Seasons
NOSTALGIC THE KULT CONNECTIONS
PO BOX 40610
CHICAGO IL 60660

drawl that seems part and parcel of his diabolic personality. "Thrill Kill Kult is what we're into this year, this month, this week. It's not deep at all. Everything's like toys to us; we toy with them and put them back or throw them away. Everything's a toy."

Ten years ago, My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult was a horror movie in the making. Two young filmmakers, named Frankie Nardella and Marston Doley were going to make it happen, a bloody homage to the films that fed the counterculture of their adolescence, stuff by Roman Polanski, Kenneth Anger, Federico Fellini, Andy Warhol and John Waters. But when the filmmakers pig ran into too many snags, Nardella and Doley decided it would be just as good to simply live out their script. The two gilded characters, Frankie became Groove Mann and Marston took the name of Buzz McCoy. They availed themselves of a few wannabe strikers, called them the Bomb Gang Girls and set off for stardom. A Life was born and, believe it, it was a dark one.



Groove Mann and Buzz McCoy

DISCHAOS!

"I grew up with *The Tenors*, *Requiem*, *The Innocence*, *The Hanging*, all those kind of spooky films when I was a kid," says Mann. "I always liked exorcised spooky, weird stuff. The music is just a reflection of those influences."

Nothing was darker than 1997's *A Cruise For All Seasons*. Though Mann is reticent to refer to it as anything approaching a concept album, songs like *Fangs Of Love*, *Sexy Sucker*, *Blondes With Lebonomy Eyes*, *Lucifer's Flowers* and *Feed the Bats* portray a sustained interest in the desires and fads of vampires.

"That was more our agro record, really aggressive and unisex," he explains. "The first four songs except *Sexy Sucker* are really in your face, kind of like I have something to tell you but I don't know what it is. It's a choppy aggressive kind of album, but it doesn't flow into concepts. The references to vampires were just something that happened. It's just the way that I view it all — spooky, you know?"

He reveals that ten years on the stage of extremes hasn't diluted his aspirations to make a film. Now, more than ever, the Thrill Kill Kult are seriously thinking of going back to the original idea. For one, the characters are already written.

"I like the idea of life caught with something else, a bunch of weird films or something," he explains. "Naturally it's not going to be a Disney tale and it's probably not gonna be very easy to follow. I envision it as some kind of cut up, photo montage musical nightmare."

Any modern horror influences?
"The last thing I saw was *Blade*," he says. "God I loved the effects! I thought it was cool, I loved the opening scene. But I'm

thinking more like *Sympathy For the Devil*, which was cut with another film, or *The Monkeys' Head*, more folk and psychedelic." ■

SOUND BITES

by Groove Mann

"It's only real when it's dark."
—*Delicate Terror*

"Don't ever trust the words of a stranger. You never know, he might be a killer!"
—*Lucifer's Flowers*

"And then he bit me... and it felt like a kiss."
—*Glamour Is a Rocky Road*

"A girl needs a gun like a boy needs a girl."
—*Batylon Drifter*

"I'm buried in black, swimming in a sea of indifference."
—*Feed the Bats*

"Glamour is my only weapon."
—*Mission Stardust*

"Too beautiful to heat, too rotten to love."
—*Universal Luxury*

"Who's got a hold on you? Melting, controlling you, ya cry in the streets, niddled with froths."
—*Fangs Of Love*

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It's Good to Be Dead

Dawn of the Dead (US Theatrical)

Starring David Emge, Ken Foree and Scott Reinger

Written and directed by George A. Romero

Anchor Bay Entertainment

If horror audiences at large can be criticized for anything, it is that they love to revive old horrors. Just last week we witnessed this re-release of George Romero's near-scriptural zombie epic, only to discover that most of us had seen it in the double digits — and were more than willing to see it again!

Alas, Romero's *Dawn of the Dead* is a type of racist popcorn that can hardly disappoint anyone with a taste for gruel in their cinematic fuel. Granted, its visceral indulgences are hardly modern, but the effect is the same as it was back in 1978: It's got a whiff of epic horror fantasy, which doesn't come along very often in this genre, least from the independent sector. But I guess that vision is what has made Romero the sacred figure he respectfully is today.

It's hardly news that Anchor Bay has gotten their clutches on this film. They've given it a working over, widened and cleaned up the picture, tweaked the sound, and thrown in some trailers and alternate scenes from Argentina's Italian version (*Zombis*). They've also given the cover artwork to an Andy Warhol neophyte, perhaps to announce that *Dawn of the Dead* has risen to the status of pop art. Same.

Meanwhile, *Dawn* the movie plods along like one of its many zombies, unfettered by considerations outside of giving us gore, and unforgettable in the delight it takes in serving it up. Zombies get their heads blasted off, sliced off, mowed in and spit-roasted with cross-pies. It'll make a lot of you all over again, give you that nostalgia thrill you used to get reading *Ecce corvus*.

—Emma Anderson

BIG SCREEN, BIG SOUND,
BIG MONKEY*Mighty Peking Man*

Starring Danny Lee and Evelynne Kraft

Directed by Ho Meng-Hua

Written by Li Kuang

Grindhouse Releasing

In 1977, Dino De Laurentiis unleashed a lavish remake of *Kong Kong*. In anticipation, several competitors attempted to cash in on this fact by releasing their own giant ape epics. One was this entry from Hong Kong's Shaw Brothers, notable for the kangaroo *Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires*. Alas, Dino's *Kong* was a colossal dud, and *Mighty Peking Man* disappeared from the map. Fortunately, Grindhouse Releasing (responsible

for last year's re-release of *The Beast*) has resurrected the Shaw Brothers' big monkey movie for a series of midnight screenings in 15 major North American cities this summer.

Lee (*The Killer*) stars as misrep explorer Johnny Fong, searching for the legendary Peking Man in the Himalayas (which, incidentally, are nowhere near Peking). Separated from his group, he discovers the titular vampire, as well as a busy jungle woman named Samantha (Kraft), raised by Peking Man after the vampire carrying her and her parents crashed.

Elaborate scenes as Johnny and Samantha frolic with her bearded jungle friends, including a leopard who looks stoned and plays "in place" with Samantha. Needless to say, Peking Man is jealous of his new romantic rival, but is convinced by Samantha to remain with her and Johnny in civilization. Anyone familiar with the genre knows what happens next.

More fun than a barrel of monkeys, *Mighty Peking Man* shouldn't be missed by anyone who considers themselves a serious cinephile. The dubbing is atrocious, the special effects unbelievably fake, the story predictable — but you won't have a better time at the movies this year. Final irony note: *Mighty Peking Man* hasn't been played by Yuen Cheung-Yan, brother of Yuen Wo-Ping, fight choreographer for *The Matrix*.

—Brad Abraham



Gleeful gore in Romero's *Dawn of the Dead*

GIALLO FEVER

Only Darkness

Starring Crispin Merson and Nicole Strick

Directed by Jon Kirby & Mitchell Morgan
Written by Mitchell Morgan
El Independent Cinema

This one's an odd bird – a post-modernist mystery that's as much about Italian giallo films as it is one itself – a



Stavros for the Eurohorror set. For the uninitiated, a giallo is a violent murder-mystery popularized by horror icons Mario Bava (whose *Blood & Black Lace* virtually invented the genre) and Dario Argento, named for the yellow (giallo) covers of the thriller novels they sought to emulate.

The plot, involving a writer (Merson) of exactly these types of films who finds himself trapped in a mystery right out of one of his own scripts, borrows heavily from Argento's *Red With the Crystal Phallax* and *Four Faces On Grey Velvet* (a poster for which is prominently displayed in his apartment). But given that both of those films drew heavily from Fredric Brown's novel *The Scavenger Man*, this seems more like another val-de-l'effort than outright plagiarism.

However, co-directors Morgan and Kirby often stick too closely to their inspirations, slavishly recreating genre conventions instead of providing a new twist. Merson constantly behaves like a confused giallo protagonist when he should be three steps ahead of the game. And while they have assumed the consent, they miss the beat entirely in terms of cinematic style as a genre where Bava's pristine compositions and Argento's prowling camera reign supreme.

Despite a dalliance with some split-screen work (which feels like an afterthought), most of *Only Darkness*'s photography swings between merely competent to downright amateurish. The inappropriate music (composer D.A. Rachel is no Claudio

Sennett) and cheap-looking video post-production don't help matters.

It's tough to knock this too hard, though. Produced on a low-budget and clearly made with genuine affection for the genre, it's worth a look by giallo fans, but the final impression is one of an enthusiastic student film painted to deceive length.

—Joseph O'Brien

THE TALE OF RUDOLF THE MOSTLY-ADEQUATE

The Johnsons

Starring Monique Van de Ven and Esmée de la Bretonnière

Directed by Rudolf Van den Berg
Written by Leon de Winter
Anchor Bay Entertainment

Not content to simply move an impressive array of cult classics and overlooked gems, the good folks at Anchor Bay have seen fit to include the film-makers' thoughts on the flip side of each video tape's insert card. Cool idea? In most cases, yes. But then there's Dutch director Rudolf Van den Berg.

Now, don't get the wrong impression – *The Johnsons* is actually a pretty okay movie. It's ingenuous, clumsy as hell and tries too hard to be cerebral, but it's pretty okay. A photographer (Van de Ven) scores a lucrative wildlife assignment and takes her daughter (de la Bretonnière) camping in the swamps of southern Holland.

Of course, they don't realize they're about to fulfill an ancient prophecy involving seven psychos, brothers and a monstrous fo-



The Johnsons: no suggest, but lots of blood

shred embryo. So far, so adequate, as long as you avoid reading the accompanying interview that's where Van den Berg waxes in with his tin-ten platitudes about "the essence of bad American films," as if bad Dutch films offered something superior.

Van den Berg's arrogance might be less offensive if he'd at least fess up to cribbing noticeably from Dario Argento. Sure, he tones it down a notch – sorry, no run of muggos here – but the film is unmistakably an adolescent girl's anxiety over her burgeoning sexuality manifest itself through nightmares, a prize of the real-life nightmares awaiting her in the second reel. Anyone recall *marinara* sauce?

Van den Berg swears that he and screenwriter Leon de Winter rewrote *The Johnsons* from an existing American script which was "just an excuse for exploitation." The original, it turns out, was written by Ray Frankos of *Street Trash* fame. The normally talented and kooky Van den Berg has little if anything in common with a happy, unrepentant outlaw like Frankos. Anyone care to wager on how many rewrites it took?

—John W. Bowen

CRUSH! KILL! DESTROY!

Kronos

Starring Jeff Morrow and Barbara Lawrence

Written by Lawrence L. Goldman, Jack Robin and Irving Block
Directed by Kurt Neumann
Englewood/Time Wade Williams Collection

For many, the 1950s are seen as a time of peace and prosperity. But for those of us in *The Know*, the 1950s saw the entire planet threatened by a near constant assault of giant bugs, radioactive mutants and, of course,

extraterrestrial aggressors from every corner of the galaxy.

Jeff Morrow (better known as the hydro-



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cophetic alien renegade Rooster in Universal's slightly superior *This Island Earth* stars as Dr. Leslie Gaskill, a no-nonsense astronomer who discovers that an approaching asteroid may in fact be an invading alien spacecraft. Sure enough, the mystery object crashes, disgorging the planet energy-sucking rampaging robotic alien juggernaut of the title. Will Gaskill, his beautiful assistant Vera (Lawrence) and their Synchro-Ultrasynchro-lasergrazing-Squintscope be able to reverse the polarity and stop Krokon in

time? Just you guess....

Though Kurt Neumann's (*The FN*) odd direction manages to generate some authentic suspense, especially in the early going, the film is too overlarded with '50s SF clichés and kitschy dialogue like, "I've never seen you get so worked up about a planeted before," to be completely successful. At one point a character actually exclaims "Great Caesar's Ghost!" without a hint of irony. It's all quite fun and charming, if not terribly intelligent.

The Krokon monster itself is rendered, via

models, matte paintings and cel animation, by effects veteran Lawford Dunn, and the effects are easily as convincing as most of today's CGI (take that, *ILMP*). Krokon's attack on a nuclear power plant and subsequent showdown with the Mexican Air Force (!) are particular highlights. The film's headcase black and white photography has been excellently reproduced here in its original 2.35:1 "Repliscope" aspect ratio. A worthy addition to any collection of rampaging alien monsters bent on world destruction.

—Joseph O'Brien

THE CULT OF MEDIOCRITY

The Clown At Midnight

Starring Sarah Lassez, Tatyana Ali, James Duval and Christopher Plummer
Directed by Jean Pellerin
Written by Kenneth J. Hall
Marten International

Had *The Clown At Midnight* been a wide-release American film, it might at least have provided a long overdue nod in the Slash-Lite coffin. Being Canadian and straight-to-vhs, however, it's just taking up valuable shelf space in the horror section while the rest of us anxiously await that new director's cut of *Jarvis Of The Blood Foremen*.

Sarah Lassez is Kate, a troubled orphan whose opera star mother was murdered by a jealous senior who, of course, was never caught. Kate's now a drama student, and she and some classmates have been assigned to clean up and revamp an old opera house — the same opera house, in fact, where her mother was murdered. Dumb fuck, that. And before you can say I Sell Don't Give A Shit What You Did Last Summer, teenagers are getting dispatched left and right by the terrible error, who's wearing a suspiciously new-

looking Pablito clown costume.

Many promising ingredients are wasted along the way. It's beautifully shot (in and around Winnipeg's venerable Walker Theatre) and features a soundtrack by Canadian composer Glenn Buhé, who gleefully wears his Borsari on his sleeve. Supporting players include Margot Kidder (happily post-therapy) and Christopher Plummer (sadly post-over).

But *The Clown At Midnight*'s problems amount to much more than a slim plot, soggy dialogue or even the hilariously inept fight choreography of the final scene. Nope, we're talking genre failure here, folks, the folly of slavishly imitating a successful archetype while contributing nothing new.

True to Slash-Lite form, the violence is kept distressingly polite over the course of eight murders; it's no mean feat to make a slo-mo shot of a severed head tumbling down a flight of stairs look so innocuous. Into the sex, although the fact that there is any sex at all marks *The Clown*'s only deviation from the Slash-Lite handbook, as most of these pees are obviously chore.

—John W. Bowen



THE FINE ART OF DEATH

The Stendhal Syndrome

Starring Asia Argento and Thomas Kretschmann
Directed by Dano Argento
Written by Dano Argento & Franco Ferrini
Based on the novel by Grazia Magherini
Troma Team Video

After a pair of disappointing entries (*The Wolf Eyes*, *Tremors*), Italian horror maestro Dano Argento made a triumphant return to

form with the compelling psychological mystery *The Stendhal Syndrome* in 1996. Argento's daughter Asia stars as Police Inspector Anna Manni, whose pursuit of serial rapist Alfredo (the menacing Kretschmann) through a gallery in Florence is unexpectedly interlarded by the onset of a rare psychosis, in which victims are emotionally and psychically overwhelmed by works of art. Anna is left suffering from near-total amnesia, and at the sexual predator's mercy.

Argento's delicate violence is notably less



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stylized than in his earlier films, gone are the macabre set pieces of *Suspiria* and *Profondo Rosso*. Instead, *Seduced*'s multiple rapes and murders are played for maximum visceral impact—they're painful, ugly and unsettling.

It's in Anna's Stendhal-induced hallucinations that Argento really flexes his justly-celebrated cinematic muscles. As Sergio Stivaleri's imaginative digital effects bring paintings to literal life and Ennio Morricone's choral score evokes a haunting atmosphere, his camera plunges through the curves and into the world of Anna's visionary dreams and all too real nightmares...

Original US distributor Dimension Films shelved *Seduced* in 1996, after attempts to turn its story-driven violence resulted in an uncomprehensible narrative. Teema has since acquired the film and has released it, again, in limited theatrical engagements.

This is easily Argento's best film since *Tenebre* (RMP9), and it shares much with that film (the character Teema is virtually identical—though used to greater effect here). It also poetically develops themes present in nearly all of Argento's work—identity, memory, and the sometimes destructive power of art.

—Joseph O'Brien

IT'S A MAD LIFE

Don't Look in the Basement

Starring Ross Holstik, Anne MacAdams, and William Bill McGhee
Directed by S.F. Brownrigg
Written by Tim Pope
VCI Home Video

Using the catch phrase "to avoid burning, keep repeating, it's only a movie..." 1977's *Don't Look in the Basement* claims that it is brought to you by the makers of *Lair Morte on the Left*. The connection is obscure, but phony advertising and cliché title aside, director Brownrigg has created a genuinely creepy and fully disturbing horror film.

When nurse Charlotte Beale (Holstik) arrives at her new occupation at the Stevens Sanatorium for the mentally insane, she learns that the doctor has recently passed away. The new head of the sanatorium, Dr. Masters (MacAdams), reluctantly agrees to give Charlotte a nursing position. Of course, this is no ordinary mental hospital.

It seems Dr. Stevens clings to the belief that insanity is not a separation from reality, but a series of obsessions that should be forced on the patients, to the point where they have to rely on their own mental capabilities to overcome them. Thus each patient

lives out their insanity daily. Not as events unfold Charlotte slowly learns that Masters is not a real doctor but a patient as well, obsessed with dominating the others.

Brownrigg's use of documentary-style production in *Lair Morte* and *Deranged* gives the film a sickeningly realistic feel. The entire story takes place in a small house where the viewer eavesdrops from room to room, witnessing exchanges between patients. How they react to one another's obsessions is interesting and often unnerving.

Don't Look is psychological, story-driven horror and not a 'real gore fest' as the package indicates. While certain events are admittedly silly, this is not the B-movie that marketers would like it to be. It is an audience absorbing film that leaves the viewer disturbed and with a need to get out of their own house for a while.

—Aaron Lupton





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CLASSIC KING ON SCREEN

Storm of the Century

Starring Tim Daly, Debrah Farentino and Casey Siemaszko

Directed by Craig R. Baxley

Written by Stephen King

After all this time and all these painful adaptations, it seems that Stephen King is finally getting his day at the movies. Both *Nightfall* and *Apocalypse Now* were respectable additions to the King canon (respectively being a hard-won accolade for his previous film projects), but now we have this, a high-profile television miniseries that purportedly attracted an audience of over 30 million people.

Little wonder *Storm of the Century* finds King snag on his element: an isolated community, a big storm and a sinister stranger who arrives, unannounced, only to inexplicably murder one of the town's oldest residents. "Give me what I want, and I'll go away," he informs the town constable (Daly) as he is led into his cell. Outside, the storm rises to a howl as the small community begins to cower from a rash of bewildering suicides, all of them bearing eerily similar suicide notes. "Give me what I want and I'll go away."

King's best stories have always been those that showcase the author's destiny with characters, and his remarkable insight into humanity in the face of supernatural adversity.

ty. Never do these two elements come together more palpably than here, a remarkable achievement taking into consideration a weighty cast of over ten major characters.

At 248 minutes, *Storm of the Century* is a leisurely fable; it could have benefited from an edit (not to mention two previously ill-fitting scenes — you'll know what they are), but it sustains a sense of unequivocal creepiness and intimidating doom.

Miscellaneous, the film also avoids the made-for-TV banalities of *The Shining* and *Sleepwalkers*, both of which seemly compromised their shivers for mainstream consumption. Not here. Instead, perhaps, since *Storm of the Century* dares to plow its way through the genre for something of wider dramatic concern. Simply among the best of the author's attempts at the screen.

—Rod Gudino

LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL

I Spat On Your Grave

Starring Camille Keaton, Eric Tabor and Richard Pace

Written and directed by Merv Zarch

Anchor Bay Entertainment

Movies are a wonderful form of escapement. There are movies that excite you. There are movies that enlighten you. Some make you laugh. Some make you cry. All try to entertain. *I Spat On Your Grave* is not one of those movies. It's a vile, disgusting and laborious film that will make you want to take a shower after watching it.

One of the most infamous and controversial of the revenge genre of the 1970s, *I Spat* has been restored and re-released by Anchor



Camille Keaton goes on her rampage.

Bay, some twenty years since its initial release. And after all these years, it is still one of the most shocking films you'll ever see. The bedacious Camille Keaton (niece of the great Buster Keaton) stars as Jennifer — a writer mooning in upscale New York, penning her latest novel in an isolated cabin. A series of strangely innocent encounters with a group of local men leads to her being attacked, repeatedly raped and left for dead. She in turn revenges, stalks her attackers, and exacts revenge on them in a series of nasty and brutal ways, leaving the poor wretch feeling like they were stuck in the face with a lead pipe.

continued on page 30

JACK THE RIP-OFF

The Diary of Jack the Ripper (DVD)

Presented by Michael Winner

Narrated by Tom Baker

Image Entertainment

The mystery of Jack the Ripper's identity has perplexed historians, true crime lovers and so-called Ripperologists for over a century. In 1992 a new ingredient fell into the pot in the form of a diary, apparently written by Jack himself.

Discovered by Liverpool scrap dealer Michael Barrett, the diary threw Ripperologists into a mad frenzy, with half of them desperate to prove its authenticity and the other half just as equally determined to expose it as a hoax.

The British documentary presented on this DVD was aired in 1992 and details the diary's discovery as well as its contents and the arguments for its authenticity. According to the document, Jack the Ripper was

none other than James Maybrick, a Victorian gentleman known to have died of arsenic poisoning. His wife was subsequently tried and sentenced for his murder. Apparently, his slow poisoning, and his wife's infidelity, led him to go on a premeditated killing spree.

There is no doubt that the documentary believes in the diary's veracity, painstakingly demonstrating all the arguments, both credible and far-fetched, in the diary's favour and paying more lip service to its detractors. There's just one little thing the DVD packaging neglects to mention: the diary after the documentary aired, Michael Barrett admitted to forging the diary.

In retrospect, what could have been a ground-breaking documentary becomes a mere memo for Ripper historians. While fascinating in certain parts — mostly when it deals with facts — some of the connections made between Jack and Maybrick are so serious (take the first two letters of

'James' and the last two letters of 'Maybrick' and HEY! you get 'Jack') that even if the subsequent revelation hadn't been made, there would still be plenty of doubt surrounding its find.

As it is, we're left with somewhat of an oddity and a shameless marketing ploy. This is not deserving of a DVD release — although the transfer is adequate. In fact, it's debatable as to whether or not it deserves a regular video release. Be forewarned, and don't believe everything you hear.

—Patrick Carr



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FANG FILMS: BLOOD SUCKING

MOTOR CITY MAYHEM

Tested

Starring Quinn Chicharria, Greg James and Sean Farley
Directed by Brian Evans
Written by Sean Farley
Troma Team Video

As of late, I've really come to dislike vampire films. I've had my fill of bloodsuckers who either dress like Calvin Klein jock-bait and waltz/die; prey humans, or speak (to quote James Woods) in "highway Daini-rash accents" and listen to way too much Sisters Of Mercy. So for the longest time, it seemed the vampire film had finally run out of blood... at least that's what I thought.

Until I saw *Tainted*.

It's enough to boost one's faith in the genre to see a group of young and talented filmmakers, armed with a little bit of money, create the current crop of bloodsucking (well, just plain sucking) product. Filmed in Detroit in two weeks on a shoestring, *Tainted* comes across as a hybrid of *Clerks* and *The Addictive*. In it, three early film geeks make a pilgrimage to a midnight screening of both genres of *Blade Runner* only to run

out of gas in the wrong part of town. Of course, they run across a world of nocturnal bloodsuckers, a group who has more or less successfully integrated into society. The stakes (sorry) are raised significantly when one vampire is killing others of his own kind, using their blood to tank the supply of a local hospital.

While far from perfect, *Tainted* works quite well. The makers sometimes fall short of their goals, particularly with a somewhat young cast and limited resources, but they clearly cared enough to overcome these hangers and craft a genuinely entertaining film.

Kudos also to Troma, who have become something of a godsend to indie plugger, genre filmmakers, distributing their films domestically and internationally. Like *Batterick* and *De-Committed* (RMSB), *Tainted* should find a wide audience, and deservedly so.

-Brad Abraham



vampire in this film, resurrected by the sexual energy of a Saitama highness, and her coven of lesbian servants, who nightly perform wild orgiastic rituals.

Not only does that wicked and wicked love manage to invoke the Baroness, but it also casts a spell over the castle's young occupants, mostly female, who descend into uncontrollable bouts of lesbianism out, in the case of the one man and his sister, incest.

Yup, Satan himself couldn't have desired a more beguiling of more debauched sin than the ones chronicled in *Vampire Ecstasy*. More erotica than horror, the film nevertheless has its share of creepy crawlies, notably Wanda (Herkowa) as a dachy seductive housekeeper who coaxes a knowing, carnal evil from behind her reptilian eyes. Eviscerated shot with lots of atmosphere and creep, *Vampire Ecstasy* manages to give a Freudian subtext one hell of a hooker without spelling the gaudy pleasures of the story.

-Emma Anderson

Beware the Mosquito

Bloodlust: The Vampire of Nuremberg
Starring Werner Pochath, Ellen Umlauf and Birgit Zasmulo
Written and directed by Marjan Vajda
El Independent Cinema

Bloodlust: The Vampire of Nuremberg chronicles the life and practices of a notorious serial killer who descended on Germany in the early seventies. The film plays out like a spoof homage, with a detailed look into "The Mosquito's" depraved mania, in which he stole into funeral homes to suck the blood out of fresh corpses prior to dismembering them.

The seventies schlock is played to the max, leaving some of us to wonder our lord whether this flick was in fact filmed at that time. There are lots of scenes with Mosquito driving his wagon through the streets of Germany, crapped in a mud that propels him from an abused past into ever more outrageous acts of corpse defilement and eventually murder.

The trouble with *Bloodlust* is that it dis-

plays a purely morbid interest in the story.

There's nothing here but a confused mass and scenes of gore. Obviously, having copied the storyline from the files of the actual world means precious little to director Marjan Vajda, who completely ignores any psychological or social qualities inherent in his script. Instead, *Bloodlust* plays out like substandard German splatter, with a storyline as thin as a spiderweb and endless in its repetitive scenes of insanity, murder and cannibalary murder.

It doesn't help that Mosquito is deaf and dumb (he doesn't talk, at any rate). Consequently much of the film is spent showing him in quiet solitude as he plays with dolls, screws human eyeballs in a glass jar or exchanges glances with a terribly happy (but ultimately suicidally) girl across the hall.

-Rod Gudino



VAMPIRE FEAST ON VIDEO!

DRACULA THE SITCOM

Dracula: Father and Son
Starring Christopher Lee and
Bernard Miles
Directed by Edouard Molinaro
Written by Jean
Marie Pons
Water Beamer Films

Christopher Lee might have hung up his cape for Hammer back in 1973, but that wasn't the end of his portrayal of Stryker's infamous Count. In fact, Lee would go on to play Dracula in several foreign pictures, an added benefit to speaking seven languages and being an international film star.

In 1976 Lee starred in what is perhaps the oddest of his vampire films, *Dracula: Father and Son*. Directed by Edouard Molinaro (the *Cage Ace* fellow), *Father and Son* produces George Hurdland's *Love at First Bite* and is certainly a film in the same comic vein.

The opening of the film eschews its traditional comic destiny, with Dracula seducing a young woman and impregnating her, determined to see an heir. Flash forward a few years—for some comic, childhood vampire interludes—and then considerably more, and we find the Count and son Fordstead (Bernard Miles) fleeing from their native Transylvania. As Jack would have it, they're separated and must fend for themselves, father in London, son in France. Eventually they are reunited,

off, full on—the same women, and happy ensues.

Surprisingly, this is a very funny movie. Both Lee and Miles are perfectly cast, and display a good grasp on comic timing. Lee in particular delivers many memorable lines with dry wit and tongue firmly in cheek: "Fordstead, drink your blood and get to bed," or "Fordstead, one does not play with one's mother's ashes."

Miles, as the reluctant vampire yearning to be human, brings a certain pathos to the role, yet still manages to be funny and sympathetic without demeaning the character.

Despite the hit and miss dubbing job (the film was originally shot in French, although Lee dubbed his own lines in English), the script remains in wit in the translation. *Dracula: Father and Son* does lapse into moments of silliness, but it certainly never tries to disguise the fact that it is anything other than a comedy.

—Patrick Carr

FEEL THE SHAME

Carmine
Starring Stacie Crawford, Monna Morgan
and Karl Newman
Written and directed by Tom Lapine and
Denise Templeton
Based on a story by J. Sheridan LeFlore
Scorpio Pictures

"This film was not the extent of its creator and to Mr. Crawford and Mr. Morgan I extend my sincerest apologies."

"This odd, awkward little director appears during the closing credits of *Carmine*, the third film adaptation of J. Sheridan LeFlore's tale of a young woman seduced by a lesbian vampire. Writer/director Tom Lapine's heart-felt apology to his leading ladies is a noble gesture, if perhaps a bit conveniently vague. But so long as he's flying economy class on *Miss Galpa Airlines*, how's about an act of contrition for the rest of us? Maybe something

along the lines of...

"It was surely my intent to bore the audience with such a clumsy, infantile, and unexcusable mistake. Had I the proverbial lick of sense, I would at least have attached the name Allen Smithee to this project instead of my own."

"I now deeply regret choosing to dabble in that degenerate of vulgar subgenres, gothic horror. It is now apparent to me, that rare train out of town, crude horror actually has one thing in common with the Christian Right: it's neither. Of course, I have not helped matters by listing myself as screenwriter, but I would put *Beavis and Butt-head* to sleep drag on for so long, but what was I to do? Release a twenty-seven minute feature film?"

"Hindsight has convinced me that I should have walked, nay, run away when it was first suggested that we shoot a feature on video tape. But I was weak and huckling, thinking only about the house I would spend—standing nude scenes with Stacie Crawford, Monna Morgan, and Bonnie Carmine! Uncredited but patently obvious body double Sandler has when I now see all too clearly that videotape is the stuff of infomercials and post-1985 porno movies. It is not, however, an acceptable medium for even the lowliest of horror films. Ed Wood himself would blanch at the prospect."

"I am Tom Lapine. Feel my shame."

—John W. Bowen

SCARED STIFF

Vampire Hookers
Starring John Carmine and
Bruce Fairburn
Directed by Ciro H. Santiago
Written by Howard R. Cohen
Alpha Blue Archives

It doesn't get much more cheapy than the soft-core vampire lore of *Vampire Hookers* (aka: *Sensual Vampires*). Filmed in the Philippines with a sprightly John Carmine, the story revolves around two goody sisters who play in Abbot and Costello routine while trying to land some cheap love. They pick up the wrong dude (wink) and end up in

the lap of an anocratic vampire? (Carmine) who scores like a cross between Hugh Hefner and *Fantasy Island*'s Ricardo Montalban.

The girls, on the other hand, just want to have fun and do so by stretching an otherwise unexciting love scene to unbelievable lengths. They coo and purr as they trade their loving mentions on a wide-eyed sailor who thinks he's died and gone to heaven. Then they drink his blood.

Bad light cinematography, the worst dialogue imaginable and a Renfield figure played by a local fifth-grader to be a vampire but is dogged by his out of control flautist problem make this bow-wow a must-see proving there are hard days in the house.

—Emma Anderson



continued from page 28

I Spit is unique in that, unlike other films in this genre, you feel no satisfaction in the way Jennifer reines out her vengeance. As a result, any expected sense of justice is denied — this movie just leaves you feeling obliterated. Of course, any other reaction would be improper. Simultaneously respected and reviled, *I Spit On Your Grave* is one of those films that endures because of its reputation. You may love it, you may hate it, but you'll never forget it. Undoubtedly this release will introduce a new generation of filmgoers to its power, and re-ignite the debate about its meaning.

—Brad Abraham

QUITE THE TRIP

Dark Star
Starring Brian Marolle, Ore Pahach and Cal Kunholme
Directed by John Carpenter
Written by Dan O'Bannon and John Carpenter
VCI Home Video

The day interplanetary travel becomes a reality, it will probably be a heck of a lot like a voyage on the scout ship *Dark Star*. The boredom, the loneliness, the obnoxious crew-mates, feeling like you're on a car ride

to nowhere and getting sicker and sicker of the people you're traveling with every click of the odometer. But the poor crew of the *Dark Star* can't just hop out at the next rest stop — they're stuck with each other. These aren't the volcanic, square-jawed adventurers or noble explorers of space that we've come to expect — these are working-stiffs, poor saps doing a job they hate with people they hate even more.

Bizarre and suspenseful, *Dark Star* deploys a gonzo sensibility from frame one

and doesn't stop once to catch its breath. Check full of silly aliens, talking Explosional Thermonuclear Bombs with minds of their own, and the long-deceased Commander Powell, it's an ingenious piece of gonzo filmmaking, stretching its minuscule budget as far as it will go. Most evident about *Dark Star* is the makers' love of the genre; their film recalls the great (often cheap) sci-fi films of the 1950s.

John Carpenter and Dan O'Bannon (who also plays the hapless Pinback) went on to give us *Halloween* and *Alien* respectively, but here they craft something unique to both of them.

The VCI tape is letterboxed, with a crisp transfer and only minor artifacts, and includes the theatrical trailer. It's also the most complete version of the film, clocking in at a brisk eighty-three minutes. If you've

never experienced a trip on the *Dark Star*, now's the best time to buy your ticket.

—Brad Abraham

SOMETHING GOOFY THIS WAY COMES

Grant from the Unknown
Starring Edward Ginnier, Sally Fraser and Buddy Baur
Directed by Richard E. Cunha
Written by Frank Hort Tausang and Ralph Brooke
Englewood Entertainment

Remember *Scooby-Doo*, the original series (before they started introducing characters like Scooby-Doo and — shudder — Scrappy-Doo)? Well guess what? *Grant from the Unknown* could be the one that started the whole notion of a townswalder

to advise you, the horror film fan, so that you may better spend your hard-earned videomental dollar. And it is in the spirit of noble self-sacrifice that I pass on this warning: stay as far away from this film as you possibly can. If you see it, do not approach. Even casual exposure could be harmful to your cerebral cortex. Simply avert your eyes and slowly back away.

This movie is bad. And not good-bad like, say, *Backdraft*. It's bad-bad, like *Armer Dog*. I'd rather sit through a 24-hour *Armer Dog*-athon than allow *Afterbirth* to fester before my wounded neurons ever again.

If I am ever convicted of a serious crime, I am going to use *Afterbirth* as my defense. "I'm very sorry about that thing with the chemsaw that I did," I will say. "But you see, I saw this movie *Afterbirth* and it made me this way."

Not a jury in the world would convict me.

—Joseph O'Brien

YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE NEVER BORN

Afterbirth
Starring Don Schuchart and Lari Kokuk
Written & directed by Paul Finshard
MDM Productions

If your idea of entertainment is a tedious shot-on-video ruse about a child conceived by human-canine sodomy, featuring sub-par theater acting, bargain basement production values, lame attempts at "tasteless" humor and a general disregard for basic filmmaking: THEN HAVE I GOT A MOVIE FOR YOU.

Gentle reader, we get a lot of movies here at *Rue Morgue*. We, the tireless staff of this fine magazine, have watched more than seven hundred million motion pictures this past year alone. Good ones. Bad ones. Classics. Trash. Big-budget blockbusters and homemade independents. The rewards are few. The suffering, great. Traumatic psychological breakdowns are so common here that "pulling a Brad Abraham" has become an *RM* euphemism for losing one's mind.

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The 'floating' *Ghost From The Unknown*

perk being 'sizzled/buzzed/burned' by a ghost/worm?/host-of-a-seen-all that the cartoon seemed to base every episode on.

The elements at work? An isolated mountain town. A circus. A series of grisly killings (which, of course, we never see, this being 1958). A lantern-jawed hero. A relic of an

archaeologist and his sexy daughter. An Indian actually called *Irish Joe* (who dresses in moccasins and buckskins and looks like he wandered in off the set of the *Pfisterwood*). A guy actually called *Charlie Brown*, and a person named *Sheddy*.

The promise is there, but it's nearly halfway through the film before the "ghost from the unknown" actually makes an appearance, and even longer before he actually does anything. There are any number of complaints one can lay at the feet of this film. Like: why does the ghost kill indiscriminately, but take the plucky

heroine prisoner? Or, how could he be resurrected by lightning after his killing spree has begun?

Still, *Ghost From The Unknown* is one of those films best enjoyed with a bunch of rowdy friends and a case of beer. The eighty minutes of Indian is worth the gouge scene where the heroine, after having been rescued from the menacing giant, makes coffee and sandwiches for the posse, who eventually blow the giant away. Good, clean, goofy fun.

—Brad Abraham



THE KNEALE DEAL

Quatermass 2

Starring Brian Donlevy and John Longden
Written by Nigel Kneale & Val Guest
Directed by Val Guest

The Abominable Snowman

Starring Forrest Tucker and Peter Cushing
Written by Nigel Kneale
Directed by Val Guest
Anchor Bay/The Hammer Collection

Following the international success of their first collaboration, 1955's *The Quatermass Experiment* (originally released in North America as *The Creeping Unknown*), writer Nigel Kneale and director Val Guest re-teamed on a pair of 1957 projects that would forever change the face of SF/horror in film, and help launch Hammer Films to the atmospheric heights they would reach throughout the sixties and seventies.

Like its predecessor, *Quatermass 2* was an adaptation of Kneale's BBC TV serial of the same name, the second of three films featuring his eponymous anti-hero, Dr. Bernard Quatermass (Donlevy), head of the British Rocket Institute (the third installment, *Quatermass And The Pit*, directed by Roy Ward Baker, would follow six years later). Once again, Quatermass is pitted against an alien threat to all mankind, this time in the form of an ethy alien substance that can take the minds of those it infects.

Unlike many scientist heroes of the decade, Quatermass was neither young, square-jawed or possessed of a beautiful girlfriend. He was unappealing, a fiercely intelligent but flawed man, driven as much by his colossal ego as by scientific curiosity. He used his brains to solve problems and his arrogance to penetrate the barriers of

bureaucracy, both political and military, that stood (albeit unwittingly) the extraterrestrial menace.

Kneale has made very public his displeasure over Irish-born Donlevy's harsh, almost tyrannical portrayal of Quatermass, but I actually prefer his interpretation. Donlevy brings an angry and bitter edge to the character, a man frustrated by the inaction and stupidity of his sponsors, whom he is nevertheless determined to save in spite of themselves.

Peter Cushing played another of Kneale's scientist heroes in *The Abominable Snowman*, again adapted by Kneale from his BBC serial *The Creature*. Cushing (reprising his role from the television version) plays Dr. John Hollison, a mild-mannered anthropologist, who reluctantly teams up with American showman, Tom Fennel (Tucker), on a Himalayan expedition to capture the legendary tundra beastie. In the mountains they discover not only evidence of the creature's existence, but of its fangsome intelligence.

Once night falls on our heroes' mountain camp, Arthur Grant's moody cinematography creates a sense of isolation and sheer aloneness. Suddenly these would-be hunters find that they are now the quarry of an unseen monster whose territory they have invaded.

The enormous influence these films have had is undeniable, and continues to be felt today. John Carpenter's *The Thing* owes more to *Snowman* (Carpenter has frequently cited Kneale's work as a major inspiration) than it does to the Howard Hawks' original, of which it is essentially a remake. With its themes of



Professor Quatermass (if) a different hero

paranoia and isolation, with small groups of people in a threatening environment battling both one another and an unseen threat, *The Abominable Snowman* echoes *Through Night Of The Living Dead*, *Alien* and its sequels, *Prey* and innumerable others.

Quatermass 2 also became a major touchstone (as did all the Quatermass films). Quatermass' discovery of apparent government complicity in an alien invasion is a direct progenitor of *The X-Files*' much-lauded "conspiracy" plotline, whose alien "black oil" is a living cousin to the mind-controlling goo found in this film. Indeed, there's so much of *Quatermass 2* in 1998's *X-Files* feature film that Kneale is probably entitled to a cut of its profits.

Anchor Bay has released beautiful, digitally mastered tapes of these two films under the banner of their excellent "Hammer Collection." *Quatermass 2* is full-frame, while *The Abominable Snowman* is letterboxed at 2.35:1. Both films feature their original theatrical trailers at the close of the program.

—Joseph O'Brien



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Mystery Ramble Case No. 1
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Mystery Ramble Case No. 2
Murders in the Rue Morgue
by Mike Ferguson
U.S. Game Systems



Rue Morgue
Ed Hammer
by Synthesis, Inc.
EMI Music

US Game Systems, the folks who brought you *Witness* and *Dragon Hunt* (both successful in their own right) have released a new line of mystery-based card games with a horror theme: *Mystery Ramble Case*. Number 1, *Jack the Ripper*, and the second game in the series, *Murders in the Rue Morgue*.

A winner of numerous awards, *Jack the Ripper* is a historically precise game based around the idea of constructing a convincing body of evidence against one of six suspects (including *Jack the Ripper*). Points are scored in a similar way to a traditional game of rummy; the player with the highest points wins while those left holding low points equal to the cards in their hands.

What only start off seeming fairly bland becomes involved pretty quickly. No point can be scored until a victim is "discovered," but once that happens, evidence can be brought into play to help hunting down a specific suspect.

Special cards in the deck provide abilities, give players the right to search the deck, force certain cards into play, or allow *Jack* to escape. There's also a vote option, which lets evidence allow players to help point when guessing the identity of the killer before the game is up. That little touch can make for some strange choices with respect to what cards a player chooses to use.

All things told, *Jack the Ripper* provides an innovative and morbid twist on a popular parlor game. Most rules are written out on the cards so you don't have to refer to the rule booklet and the cards themselves are

expertly designed with scratch-board style illustrations that evoke the same flavor of a typical turn-of-the-century newspaper. Small, compact, self-contained and easy to travel with, *Jack the Ripper* will last you 25-30 rummy tops per game, but more players will really bring out the dramatic shifts of play and the many strategies involved.

Case No. 2, *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, is the less complicated of the two games, and bears a more direct resemblance to rummy. As a result, it is less involved with the subtleties of play, and leaves players hoping they've been honoring the proper cards for a high winning hand.

Like *Jack the Ripper*, *Murders in the Rue Morgue* includes special cards to ensure a difference between it and conventional rummy, but there is no mystery here; the players all start out knowing who did it (as in Poe's story, a moon-wielding orangutan).

The gimmick is that at key points during the game, players must "read the orangutan" by giving it a card. The player who goes out first is entitled to the points from those cards when he settles up his score. This little twist tends to make for fast games, as everyone wants to grab those free points, but it's the

only thing this game has going for it.

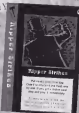
As such, *Murders in the Rue Morgue* is an uncharismatic sequel to *Jack the Ripper*; the strategies aren't as apparent, there is more repetition, and though sometimes enjoyable, the game is relatively mindless.

Both *Mystery Ramble* games are nevertheless fun to play and although

neither is particularly horrific, they do provide a fitting atmosphere about them. The games themselves are well put together, with lots of spooky artwork featuring cobblestoned walkways, menacing shadows and corpses stuffed into chimneys. Besides the information necessary for play, each card also includes part of a story, making them more interesting than traditional cards.

But best of all, both *Mystery Ramble* games are complete, unlike CCGs (costly-to-build card games), and rely on simple rules without compromising variety of play.

In the spirit of morbidity, each game also includes one free pass to England's notorious London Dungeons, featuring their *Jack the Ripper* exhibit. Get this before December 2000 and you'll add a few gruesome shivers into your game.



YOU HAVE BEEN HIRED TO BREAK EDDIE OUT OF CAPTIVITY AND FOLLOW HIM TO HIS FINAL DESTINY, WHEREVER IT IS. GAMEPLAY IS STRAIGHT FORWARD: KILL EVERYTHING BEFORE IT KILLS YOU.



Remember seeing an advertisement for a computer game called *Ed Hunter* stored into the lower notes of Iron Maiden's last couple of albums? Ever wonder when it was ever going to hit stores? We did too until Bruce Dickinson—nowly re-united with his original band—told us that Maiden's digital debut had slipped into a few unknown shops.

"After three years of development, it came out and it sucked, the graphics were built-shit," Dickinson told *Rue Morgue*. "So we fired the company that designed it, and we started again."

What they came up with is *Ed Hunter*, a CD-ROM game written around Maiden's mascot Eddie and packaged with a double CD of the band's greatest hits (as voted by fans via the Internet).

Not surprisingly, *Ed Hunter* is written like a homage to Maiden's two-decade career. If nothing else, fans—and we really can't see anyone else playing this game—will love the soundtrack and the fact that scenarios are based around album artwork and song lyrics.

The premise of *Ed Hunter* is simple: as a private investigator, you have been hired to break Eddie out of captivity and follow him to his final destiny, wherever it is. Gameplay is straight forward: kill everything before it kills you. To help you accomplish this, you are initially given an automatic pistol and unlimited ammo, but as you progress through the levels, you are allotted better weapons and higher life points. Of course, the enemies and monsters become more dangerous and are harder to kill, but that's life in a video game.

I saw video games because *Ed Hunter* is



more like an arcade game than *Quake II* or *Doom*. Your only choice is when to put the cross-hairs, the game moves you back and forth through the screens as it sees fit, although the movement isn't perfect. Each section plays pretty much exactly the same way every time, unless you keep missing your targets.

Again, the strategy of *Ed Hunter* is limited to how fast and how accurately you can obliterate everything in your path. Be that as it may, reflex-based killing games can be a lot of fun, and when you add in respectable graphics and a kick-ass soundtrack, you've got a time-waster with lots of potential. On the other hand, if you're first-person shooter like *Doom* are your preferred entertainment, this might play out a little too tritely.

The big plus in *Ed Hunter*, of course, is the Maiden trivia that got mixed into the game through locations, characters and names from the songs. *Acacia Avenue*, hell, ancient Egypt, as asylums, and the future world of *Seven Years in Tene* are all here in one form or another. It makes for a unique experience of reliving the band's career. After all these years, metal is still about blowing things up. **K**



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Steve Ryfle
ECW Press

If your only exposure to Godzilla was last year's disastrous Hollywood yarn, you may be interested in this new unauthorized biography of the real Godzilla. From 1954 on, Godzilla – or Gogira, as he is known on his native soil – terrorized Tokyo and the rest of Japan in a number of successful films which contrast to this day.

Written by long-time fan Steve Ryfle, this book explores the monster's genesis and documents each of his celluloid exploits, including the Hollywood version. Plots are analyzed, American and Japanese versions compared, myths debunked, special effects scrutinized, and biographies given for all the major players.

There's no doubt Ryfle loves this material. Yet his examination never becomes lawless, and he is just as ready to criticize as he is to praise. His observations always make for interesting reading, and while diehard fans may be familiar with some of this material, this is the perfect reference book for those wanting to learn more.

The only drawback in *Mon-Star* is its lack of visuals. Because it is not an authorized work, the author has had to rely on several



Lynch On Lynch

Chris Rodley ed.
Faber and Faber

If any director could benefit from doing a book like this, it's David Lynch. Here's a guy who drew from the surrealism of Luis Buñuel and the horror of 1920s expressionist cinema, and fused the two into a popular cinematic idiom. And yet, despite his success, I suspect most people who are attracted to Lynch's films would be hard-pressed to explain why.

Alas, fans can take heart because the director doesn't seem to understand his films either. Not only does he refuse to explain what they are about, but it turns out that the process of his creativity involves a



refusal to interrogate the images that appear in his head. Which makes *Lynch On Lynch* a frustrating read if you are looking for the key with which to unlock the horrific worlds of *Eraserhead*, *Blue Velvet*, *Twin Peaks* or *Lost Highway*.

What Lynch is willing to divulge, however, is a reservoir of anecdotal information about his films, Dennis Hopper and Dean Cainwell ad libbing the "In Dreams" sequence from *Blue Velvet* – and Roy Orbison's reaction, five years of making *Eraserhead* out of his of teeth, or the seriousness of working with Anthony Hopkins and John Cusack on *The Elephant Man*. All of which actually goes a long way in this book, despite the director's insistence on keeping the source of his ideas to himself.

Bonus material comes by way of Lynch's artwork (*Shadow of a Twisted Hand Across My House*), comic strip (*Angry Dog In The World*) and commentary on his musical endeavors (with Jake Cruise and Angelo Badalamenti). It paints the portrait of an artist as an uncomfortable – if comfortable – man. If anything can be gleaned from Lynch's remarks, it is that he lives in his own shadowy world. And he likes it there.

—Rod Gudino

Screams & Nightmares

Brian J. Robb
Overlook Press

Wes Craven is the horror fan's horror director. From his days stringing together *Last House on the Left* to the \$100 million dollar respectability of *Scream*, he represents one of the genre's most accomplished filmmakers. Hence this book, which concentrates on the man through his films, or to put it better, on the films through the man.

Early days studying philosophy and teaching English go a long way in explaining the director's early influences (Bergman, Italian) and post-modern reflections on his *Nightmare* series, not to mention his attraction to Kevin Williamson's self-referencing *Scream* trilogy (yes, there's another one coming). Like many genre directors, Craven's story begins with an early success that led to the bitterest circumstance of being saddled with the job of making scary films, a task that apparently brought him as

much grief as it did personal fulfillment. Be that as it may, it's hard to believe that Craven stumbled into the genre by accident; the gruesome, detailed violence of *Last House on the Left* and the primal screams of *A Nightmare on Elm Street* are hardly run-of-the-mill material for a casual director in search of a job. These were some demons conceived there.

The result of ten years of personal interviews with the director, *Screams & Nightmares* captures Craven in the midst of forging his notorious career, and reflecting on his films just after having made them. It translates well into a concise but personable book, with lots of black and white outtakes and candid pictures.

—Emma Anderson

Renegade Sisters Bev Zalkoff Creation Cinema

Renegade Sisters is a detailed look at the evolution of girl-gangs on film. Not surprisingly, it is also an ode to feminism. Apparently, Thelma and Louise's ascending was preceded

ed by an entire generation of victim/aggressor flicks, from the unfashioned school-girls of the '30s *Madchen In Uniform*, to the gun-toting ladies of '70s blasphemy.

Author Zalkoff credits *Furber*, *Psycho's* KIP! KIP!, *A Gun For Jennifer*, *Switchblade Sisters*, and *Beyond The Valley Of The Drab*, some for their super-banal, super-sized renditions of what it is to be women, and all for turning the tables on a medium where females are often little more than decorative props.

The author's persistence for feminist sound-bites becomes more and more apparent each time she uses the term "the dominating female," but her book is not an anti-male tirade, though it does n't avoid coming across aggressively in many parts. She even gives *Xia Zui's* *Queen From Outer Space* a favourable mention for its high-heeled, bikini-clad aliens who learn that killing men is really not all it's cracked up to be.

Interviews with *A Gun For Jennifer's*

Resurrecting The Mummy Pat Cadigan Ebury Press

Even those who really liked the remake of *Universal's The Mummy* (if we can even call it that) might have a hard time with this book. It aims to be a play by play, blow by blow account of how it all came together; astronomical budget, grandiose sets, name actors and CGI effects, a blockbuster story strung into 100 pages.

Much of the book chronicles the making of the film from the perspective of the actors, stuff like how hard it was to learn to ride on camels and how great it is to be in such a huge production. Yawn. There's also this largely superficial account about the film's "bizarro" references, as well as stuff about the effects, which is curiously interesting, if brief and full of too many laudatory quotes.

Unfortunately, *Resurrecting The Mummy* amounts to little more than a pricey programme (\$25.50 Can.) for one of Spring's biggest cinematic events. Then again, it's not entirely inappropriate for a film that may well have passed itself off as "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Inishkep." Strictly for the kids.

—Emma Anderson



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Dorothy Twiss, Vivienne Dick of *Liberty's Broom*, and Magi Meier's Jake Jenkins behind making a girl gang picture. Twiss and Dick's anger against oppression and Jenkins' disgust with lezzer pornos resulted in films that affronted their individual phobias. The interviews are not long but pack more info and insight than many serial documentaries. Crisled but not dry, *Renegade Sisters* is a readable, if slightly unbalanced look at this subgenre of films, many of which are violent and horrific.

-Nina Mouslichka

Resist Or Serve

Andy Meier
Harper Collins

Resist Or Serve is the fourth volume to follow Meier's *Offical Guide to the X-Files*, and concentrates on an episode-by-episode account of the show's fifth season. The book provides novelizations of each episode, as well as the back story behind the productions and some trivia for good measure.

If you're not driven to read appendices, then *Resist Or Serve* might be an unnecessary acquisition, but diehards will find a lot to ogle over, not least the more than 250 photographs (but no cutouts among them, unfortunately). Highlights include the problems that marred

the Stephen King-penned Chings, and the wealth of ideas that went into the James Whale-inspired Post-Modern Prometheus.

Most of the behind-the-scenes info is provided by a slew of the show's regulars, besides Duchovny, Anderson and Carter, they include Frank Spotnitz, Vinessa Gillespie and Mark Snow, as well as select guest stars and writers. Also includes awards and honours, worldwide broadcast outlets and the season ratings. In other words, as far as season five is concerned, this is pretty much The Bible.

-Rod Gudino

Unexplained!

Jerome Clark
Visible Ink Press

Thank the little green men for people like Jerome Clark, who seem sensible enough to retain a hold of their rational faculties while pursuing genuine interest in UFOs. Loch Ness Monsters, Bigfoot, cattle mutilations, arshps, crop circles, lunar anomalies, you name it. Clark, an investigator himself, seems to give a rare unbiased view into a topic that is plagued with untruth physics, hoaxes, hecklers, scare artists and people who want desperately to believe that We Are Not Alone.

If anything can be gleaned from Clark's book, it is that we cannot underestimate the sheer volume of twentieth



Artist rendition of the mythical dragon.

century myth that has impacted modern culture. Consequently, *Unexplained!* will give you a good sense of where Chris Carter got his ideas for *The X-Files*, or where mainstream horror draws from when it wants to deal with werewolves, chupacabras, abduction cases or the Bermuda Triangle. Drawing

back a bit, it will also give you a sense of how and why the paranormal has become food for genre writers, a scientific taboo and a discipline of the masses.

Even if you know your stuff, you may have a hard time with the abridged versions of the Roswell or MJ-12 stories, as well as some of the minutiae related to modern UFOlogy (Area 51,

Project Blue Book, etc.). But there's quite a bit of insight here into the sheer breadth of mysterious goings-on the world over; Loch Ness' lesser known relatives (Champ and Ogopogo in Canada), the mysteries of cryptids, the Minnesota scream, ball lightning, merfolk and so forth.

More than anything, *Unexplained!* comes recommended in a catalogue of the fantastic for anyone even remotely interested in the topic. Even if you don't believe any of it and think you're just running for ideas, this book is especially recommended. Because if the names Charles Fort, J. Allen Hynek, Ivan Sanderson, Jacques Vallee or Charles Berlitz don't mean anything to you, then maybe you don't know where you've been getting your inspiration all along.

-Rod Gudino



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-Emma Anderson



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HALLOWEEN (20th Anniversary Edition) John Carpenter Varese Sarabande

The 20th anniversary edition of *Halloween* is a truly terrific up the redneck cinematic of John Carpenter's score by mounting segments from the film - some as long as 15 minutes - into the track listing. So the *Halloween* theme gives way to the film's introduction (before a young Michael Myers murders his sister and, afterwards, when he escapes from the mental hospital fifteen years later) before going into the film's second musical theme (*Halloween 1978*). A total of 27 tracks (as opposed to the 11 from the original album) will give you an idea as to how much this edition was expanded. In our opinion, this is the best thing that could have been done to the score. Above and beyond that you will want to avail yourself of this CD simply because, despite its thirty years of being shamelessly plagiarized, *Halloween* remains one of the truly chilling, truly great albums of modern horror. **GC B.B.B.B.**



THE RAGE. CARRIE 2 Various Atco Records

Smooth it seems that Carrie's younger sibling can do no right, telekinetic rage or no. The film was an

enormous disaster, and no amount of good music was going to save it. Anyone willing to forgive the film and try the album out for size will find some promising fare from Ivy, Fear Factory, Paradise Lost and Type O Negative, but not the stretch angle that compacts were obviously hoping to pull in fashion tries. **GC B.**



FOR LUCIO FULCI Various Blackest Heart/Gravestone Entertainment

Why, why and to see this Lucio Fulci's resolute masterpieces are being celebrated in all of their glory by a cross-section of Italian and American musicians. Over a dozen artists from a wide musical range contributed - from *GNAR* (Giant) to *Al Fanta* (Don't Torture the Duckling), but the overall effort is coherent and fiercely committed to composer Fabio Frizzi's original scores for *The Beyond* and *City of the Living Dead*, and *Rosario Bramante's* *House of the Creeping*. This being the nineties, it is also impossible to resist "music inspired by" and in this category we find contributions from *Pewie Frying*, *Devo*, *Stone*, *Glen "Dubler" MacNeil* and others. But the emphasis of this release is on the music from the films. Inspired, sure, can also be a distributable. Some of it, like *Al Fanta's* *Non dal Luna* (from *The Beyond*) approach a hideous beauty. The two CD package comes off in lock step with excerpts from *Monter's* *Pink* (a favorite), a fitting coda that affirms the impact that Fulci's films have had on genre musicians. Chilly and revivified. *For Lucio Fulci* is one of a kind release and a must-have for fans. Keep your eyes open for a third

supplemental disc coming soon. Available from *Gravestone* Box at www.gravestone.org. **GC B.B.B.B.**



THE BEST OF GODZILLA 1954-1975 Various Crescendo Records

Is it ever going to end? I can count about five different Godzilla compilations that have landed on our desks since Dean Cain and Robert Emmett's *Best of Godzilla* (a thousand dollars at the box office). *Godzilla: The Best of Godzilla* may very well stand atop the heap, if only because it delivers no less than 42 original scores called *Godzilla's* golden age. *King Kong vs. Godzilla*, *Godzilla vs. The Three-headed Monster*, *Annihilation of the Giant Monster*, *Sea of Godzilla*, *Destroy All Monsters*, *All Monsters Attack*, *Terror of Mechagodzilla* - you name it, it's here. It's a love it or leave it proposition, unless you're looking to invest early in *Godzilla's* music (see *B.B.B.B.*). The latest never does. **GC B.B.B.B.**



GREATEST SCIENCE FICTION HITS IV Neil Norman and His Cosmic Orchestra Crescendo Records

The science fiction community's original compilation reaches its fourth installment with the help of Neil Norman and his Cosmic Orchestra. Norman, by the way, is quite possibly the only man alive to boast that he has a science fiction band. Naturally he has become a significant contributor to the vinyls that the genre has come to adopt as its own over the years. Norman flexes his knowledge to give us some hot discs, like the original recording of *John Lee Space*, along with contemporary fare, like the new *Outer Limits*. Along the way he also transcribes anything from *Armstrong* to *The Last World*, and *Starline* to *Alien*. *Armstrong*. In the end, his album ends

giving into a mishmash of themes, but never itself in the last minute. It's Norman's obvious love for the genre that makes his album hard to dislike, especially if you like your sci-fi. **GC B.B.B.B.**



DARK SHADOWS (30th Anniversary Coll.) Various Varese Sarabande

From 1966 to 1971, *Dark Shadows* enthralled its viewers with gothic overtones and a vampire going mad. It also managed, in its heyday, to spawn several soundtracks and hit singles. This collection gathers several of the show's most popular tunes and some never-before heard rarities. For the first part, the CD manages to convey much of the series' charm, but there is an overabundance on the so-called "Queen's Theme" and one wishes the series had never been smothered. **PC B.B.B.**



FOREVER KNIGHT More Music by Fred Mollis GNP Crescendo Records

Canada's original vampire show may be remembered as much for its show of "Toronto's CM Tower" (destroyed prior to the show) as for Fred Mollis's memorable theme. The usual winning Mollis, who is also responsible for the sound of *Friday the 13th: The Series* as well as *William Shatner's* *Telstar*, contributed some of his best work to *Forever Knight*. His gothic synth symphonies seem to go far beyond the weekly installments of the vampire-cop show's hit-by-the-way-of-the-forever-knight. Photo of a reminder as if when *Marty* (see *For LXXX*) *The Dark Zone Series* (that's *Dark Zone Series*) to you folks outside of Canada. Chances are if you liked that one, you'll be digging these. *Forever Knight* sound includes appreciations by *Lois Viles*, *Gerson*, *Wye Davies*, *John Kaprielian* and *Nigel Bennett*. **BC B.B.B.B.**

skull props and even baseball bats. Kind of shambolic, but what's an aging metal-band supposed to do? -RD ■■■



ROOTS III
Various
Root O' Evil Records

See the Evil... Hear the Evil... Seek the Evil... Root O' Evil that is. The label that is growing at the edges of hardcore and hard edge terror metal is on its third compilation of peering in black gospel to the world. You've read about some of their material before in this column, mostly *Impaler* and *DRAGLE*, both of whom make appearances here. A strong portion of the evil, it turns out, is shrill, fast and heavy, approaching the noise abomination of *Unrper's* *Soul Sufferer*. '96 and *Dissection's* *Christus*, the latter which sounds like what Donald Duck might have had for gospel, a black metal band. The cover art metal of *Lords of All Devils* (on a cool track called *Crimed in Blue*

phany) recorded exclusively for this compilation obviously abides to include punk from *Squid* (*Noted Without My Rifle*) from *Brain Bait* (*Illigral Recording*) and plans facing around from *Low-down* (*S.E.A.B.*). For those wishing to explore the sadder regions of darkness in contemporary music, this is the place to go. -OC ■■■



MERCYFUL FATE
Metal Blade Records

With *Mercyful Fate* returned the hostility they had glossed over on their first couple of albums. If nothing else, it betokens the band's classic riddish mixture of confessions from the atheist, demon invocations and those endless trades about Jesus and Satan, heaven and hell. But despite the added snatches, *King Diamond* and co. have little doubt that they are hellbent on strengthening their legacy of horror metal into the 21st century. -OC ■■



STAR WARS TRILOGY
SHADOWS OF THE EMPIRE
SKETCHES ON
STAR WARS
Various
Various Soundbonds

What entertainment medium would be complete without saying something about *Star Wars*? Here are three new releases from a galaxy far, far away, each one offering something a little different to every sense except out of the already overburdened fan's pocket.

First up is *John Williams' Star Wars Trilogy*, conducted by *Vanajan Rajanen* and the *Utah Symphony Orchestra*. Newly recorded compilations tend to be a mixed bag, sounding almost like the original but not quite. This latest version is like that, giving a fair sampling of the music themes from the original trilogy. But if you have the superior original scores, don't bother. For casual listeners only.

The next offering, *Shadows of the Empire*, is somewhat of an oddity, a

score for a book. Written a few years ago to satisfy fans' hunger before *Episode I*, *Empire* was an original work taking place between *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Return of the Jedi*. This CD, composed by *John Williams*, is meant to accompany that work. *Williams* is, of course, a fan of the *Star Wars* series, but adds little to the overall musical scheme, and is merely only when incorporating some of the original themes. For completists only.

The third CD, *Sketches on Star Wars*, is even more of an oddity. The *Tennor Trio* have taken the most recognizable *SW* themes and turned them into jazzy lounge tunes. Now you too can groove to the Imperial March and *Jabb's* theme. Interesting to listen to out of curiosity, but not probably something you'll want to over and over again. For hearers only.

-OC Trilogy - ■■ *Shadows* - ■■■, *Sketches* - ■■■

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CHILDREN OF SODOM Hazebreeder Nuclear Blast Records

Gadgets! This here stuff is pretty bodacious music, the kind that reportedly causes problems in Sweden and what-not. It's extreme, with dirty heavy leads and drums beats that are a blur (but also somewhat slow in the delivery, no doubt as a result of all this speed). Nevertheless, Children of Sodom may have the most speed/black metal fans by putting a lot of melody into their riffing and dropping in the occasional far-reaching church organ sounding synth. Not unlike Hellwoken on fast forward! Lullabies include: Wastard, Red of Rotten and White Warden. Get the picture, ladies? GC 88



BURIED ALIVE The Death of Your Perfect World Victory Records

We could hardly distinguish one song from another on this noisy amalgam of punk tunes. But I suppose it doesn't matter that much since all of the tunes sound exactly the same. If anyone can decipher what the hell this band is going on about, we'd love to hear from you. GC DDA



NOCTURNAL RITES The Sacred Talisman Century Media

Whether the recent advances in aggressive music, there isn't no musical like the two going forward of Nocturnal Rites - by all estimations

4 band heavily inspired by Iron Maiden since somewhere in New Nocturnal Rites are founded on simplicity itself, a medieval theme, war-motif and some soaring leads. Metal fans will probably agree that and forth about whether this stuff is "real" or not, but to us The Sacred Talisman sounds where enough. GC 881/2



LEGEND OF A MADMAN Various

Olympic Recordings/Mercury A tribute to Ozzy Osbourne is probably a dancing task, taking into account that the Osbourne was in the habit of employing high caliber acts like Juke E. Lee and the marauding Randy Rhodes. Nevertheless, most of the acts on this tribute live there to take on stuff from Ozzy's *Reckless of Oz and Envy*, of a Madman album. Some recordings are good (Lee Osbourne on No Bone Motion), some are better (Randy Rhodes on Mr. Crowley) and some are laughable (Randy Rhodes on Mother Earth by November's Deeds). Nevertheless, this tribute sticks, primarily because it acknowledges the dark metal first spring from Ozzy's vintage front. GC 888



BATHORY Julekian Vol. III Black Mark Productions

Bathory are among the groups most fervently dedicated to the death metal cause, with a career dating back to the early eighties when the scene was just starting to take form. Many of the band's darkest moments are collected here in what is eventually a box of albums with some hard to get tracks! Truly deserving moments await you on *Satan My Name*, *The Lake and 33 Something*, the last which is a graphic ode to the bloody legacy left by John Wayne Gacy. Despite their penchant for atrocious cover art, Bathory are anything but the usual. Who is the darkest of them all? GC 888

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Comics by Patrick Carr

In the real world, Predator's adventures have been limited to two films, one a success, the other not. In the comics world, Predator has been alive and well for several years, fighting humans, Aliens and even Batman. Now comes *Predator: Howlworld*, a new four issue limited series from Dark Horse written by James Vance and Kate Worley and drawn by Toby Cypress and Mark Lipka.

The first issue of a limited series should set the tone and theme of the series as well as give the reader some indication as to where the story is heading. Using that criteria, the first issue of *Predator: Howlworld* fails miserably.

The story goes something like this: somewhere in Mesosia some kind of agency is interrogating two people who apparently have had run-ins with the Predators: George Spelling, a freelance photographer trying to get over Deven Storm, and Doctor Bergstrom, a

woman working on the well re-introduction program in Yellowstone. Spelling comes across some mutilated files, Bergstrom comes across a Predator. End of Part One.

Perhaps I'm a bit biased but I find the whole Predator idea to be somewhat dull and limiting. Most of the stories I've read go something like this: Predator comes to Earth, Predator hunts, Predator fights human/Batman/other alien. Predator gets his ass kicked. Admittedly, these comics are geared at people who think this is all kind of cool and have conceptions at the very thought of a Predator vs. Alien movie. But the rest of us want something more. Like, a story to go with the pretty pictures.

Speaking of which, Cypress and Lipka have a nice, transitional Ted McKean-like style going for them. It's a shame they couldn't have had a more untraditional storyline to go with it. To be fair, the series could very well twist and turn its way into something worthwhile.

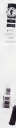
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Not being a regular reader of Dark Horse's *Ghost*, I wasn't quite sure what to expect. The cover, showing a big-breasted femme fatale brandishing two guns did little to allay my fears. With images of *Lady Death* floating in my mind, I read issue 7, the first part of a new storyline entitled *Shifter*. While certainly not as offensively bad as others, I could mention (hint: go back to the previous sentence), I can't quite attest to its merit either.

The story, written by Chris Warner and Mike Kennedy, has Ghost travel to Hoyo Grande

in an attempt to help her sister Margo get her body back (7). Seeking advice from an old friend, Kang Tiger, she instead runs into a series of mysterious killings of likely demonic origins.

The story moves along at a nice pace, there are some nice humorous touches, and the gore and sex are fairly tasteful. The art, by Christian Zanier and Steve Moncuse is nice and crisp, simple and yet detailed, without the excessiveness



that McFarlane imitators wallow in. Perhaps not the best starting point for new readers, but certainly not so abhorrent that you wouldn't be willing to go back for more.

Also from Dark Horse comes the official comic book version of the hit series *Buffy: The Vampire Slayer*. Again, I have to admit that, for the most part, I'm a Buffy virgin. But I have seen enough of the series to get a general feel for the tone, which I can safely

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Buffy plays - what else? - a vampire.

may be captured in print. Issue 8 deals with one of Buffy's classmates finding a magical film camera with the soul of an old horror actor trapped within its lenses. In order to escape, it needs to sacrifice five souls to its master. Enter Buffy and her friends. The story, written by Andy Watson, is about as fluffy as one might expect from an adaptation.

Most comics-from-screen tend to suffer because they can't really stray too far from their source; the characters can't change, you can't introduce earth-shattering storylines, and creating your own original supporting cast is usually frowned upon. What you're left with then are mini-episodes with no repercussions, and a huge waste of the comic medium. The art, by Jason Pearson, Cliff Richards and Joe Passanisi, fares better. The characters are recognizable, yet the comic is drawn like a comic and not like

publicity stills. A quick fix for the diehard fan, perhaps, but nothing here of any interest for the rest of us.

John Constantine remains one of horror comics' most intriguing characters. This month, Vertigo

will happen that will have major repercussions. And somehow, Morrison's enigmatic (non-Sunderman readers need not apply) is tied in.

Written by Peter Hogan, *Love Street* offers an appetizing look at Constantine's early years. Even without his presence the story is very well written and stands up on its own. His inclusion, however, makes the stakes adorably. Not yet the seasoned we know and love, his path is very well laid out. The art by Michael Zullo and Vince Locke perfectly complements the tale, and makes this a very desirable package.

Ever since the dawn of comics, the horror anthology has been a staple of the industry in the last couple of decades, however, attempts after attempts have failed miserably. And the only who remembers DC's excellent *Wonderland*? Well, if

gives us a new look at the occultist in the first issue of *Love Street*, a three issue limited series under their *Sunderman Presents* banner. The twist here is that the story takes place back in 1968 when our John was a mere teen. The tale, however, is told from the present, and narrated by Oliver, a man plagued by nightmares who met up with Johnny in the post-Sunderman of Love Here, apparently, something

at first you don't succeed—

Last month Vertigo presented a new anthology, *flirtch*, presenting stories every month from some of the biggest talents (and not) in the genre. Issue 2 features three stories. The first, by Dean Motter and fan favourite Bill Sienkiewicz, tells the tale of an outgoing little girl, Maggie, and her predilection for puns. The second story, by Brian Azzarello and Eduardo Risso, is an



terrifying story of a woman going to extremes in order to win a bet with her boyfriend. The last tale, by Bob Fingerman and Pat McEown, is a disturbing look at undercover cops with personal agendas.

Stories in anthologies tend to have varying tones and this issue runs from the deranged to the twisted to the just plain weird. All three stories are high quality, but like any anthology, this won't necessarily be the case next time. However, that's also one of the advantages: you never know

what you're going to get. Let's hope this one sticks around for a while.



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Santo vs. The Zombies (Santo contra los zombis)

(1961 - Mexico)

Starring *Aureando Solventes, Loretta Velázquez and Santo!*

Directed by *Benito Alazraki*

Written by *Benito Alazraki and Antonio Grelleau*

It would seem that no other country has absorbed as much from the international horror scene as Mexico. Who else could come up with a duel to the bloody death between a masked hero and a hoard of zombies that suddenly turns into a musical number?! In fact, whatever was popular in international cinema — westerns, spy films, horror — invariably found its way into Mexican film, often together.

One such type of film is known as the *lucha libre*, or wrestling-hero genre. In it, the masked wrestler faced off against anything ranging from Aztec monsters and werewolves to rampaging gorillas and an ogre, while never once relieving his mask. These films were incredibly popular throughout all of Latin America for nearly four decades, and towering above all other heroes in the genre was *The Man in the Silver Mask* himself, Santo.

The undisputed king of the *lucha libre*, Santo (known stateside as "Samson" or "The Saint") is today nothing short of folklore to his millions of admirers, as recognizable by his silver mask as *The Lone Ranger* or *Zorro* are with their own. A conqueror of the wrestling world and a star of over 150 films in a career spanning more than fifty years, Santo was the Mexican equivalent of Batman — masked, caped, a secret headquarters full of electronic gizmos, even a peppy two-bit sports car. But unlike Batman, Santo was a real person who led a life in keeping with many of his films, of which *Santo vs. The Zombies* is a typically frenzied offering.

In the film, Santo comes afoul of a fiendish plot after he is seduced by Gloria (Velázquez), whose father — a famous scientist studying zombies in Haiti — has disappeared. It turns out that a series of crimes are being committed by a group of hooded-clad

zombies, controlled via radio by a strange hooded figure. Is there a connection here? You bet! Santo learns, through his TV system (that can apparently eavesdrop on the villain's lab!) that even more zombies are being sent to kidnap children at the city orphanage for use in evil experiments. Soon, he has those zombies foiled, prompting their master to plot our masked hero's overthrow in the ring.

As luck would have it, Santo finds himself wrestling a zombie opponent, until the undead creature overheat, grows off snakes, scorpions, and collapses. Needless to say, our masked avenger tracks the hooded villain to his subterranean lair, saves a captive Gloria and destroys the zombies. And, as is the case with many a Santo film, he delivers a rousing speech about the nature of evil ("It's a strange thing, the criminal mind.")

In many ways, *Santo vs. The Zombies* is a great primer for people looking to check out something off the beaten path. The film is heavy on atmosphere and action and, best of all, it possesses an unbreakable camp charm. It also has the distinction of serving as a template for all subsequent *lucha libre* movies, which remained a staple of Mexican cinema until the late 1970s, when the government implemented stifling

curbs on cinematic violence.

Santo still found the rings but retired in the early 1960s by publicly unmasking himself. In 1964, he died of a heart attack, and was buried wearing his distinctive mask. Today, the legacy of *The Man in the Silver Mask* lives on through his son, who bills himself as — appropriately enough — *Son of Santo*. But for legions of fans there is but one true masked champion of the Mexican wrestling ring, the one, the only... Santo!

—Brad Abraham



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841-843 tapes & 838-840 books, add \$565.00; 844-846 tapes & 841-843 books, add \$567.00; 847-849 tapes & 844-846 books, add \$569.00; 850-852 tapes & 847-849 books, add \$571.00; 853-855 tapes & 850-852 books, add \$573.00; 856-858 tapes & 853-855 books, add \$575.00; 859-861 tapes & 856-858 books, add \$577.00; 862-864 tapes & 859-861 books, add \$579.00; 865-867 tapes & 862-864 books, add \$581.00; 868-870 tapes & 865-867 books, add \$583.00; 871-873 tapes & 868-870 books, add \$585.00; 874-876 tapes & 871-873 books, add \$587.00; 877-879 tapes & 874-876 books, add \$589.00; 880-882 tapes & 877-879 books, add \$591.00; 883-885 tapes & 880-882 books, add \$593.00; 886-888 tapes & 883-885 books, add \$595.00; 889-891 tapes & 886-888 books, add \$597.00; 892-894 tapes & 889-891 books, add \$599.00; 895-897 tapes & 892-894 books, add \$601.00; 898-900 tapes & 895-897 books, add \$603.00; 901-903 tapes & 898-900 books, add \$605.00; 904-906 tapes & 901-903 books, add \$607.00; 907-909 tapes & 904-906 books, add \$609.00; 910-912 tapes & 907-909 books, add \$611.00; 913-915 tapes & 910-912 books, add \$613.00; 916-918 tapes & 913-915 books, add \$615.00; 919-921 tapes & 916-918 books, add \$617.00; 922-924 tapes & 919-921 books, add \$619.00; 925-927 tapes & 922-924 books, add \$621.00; 928-930 tapes & 925-927 books, add \$623.00; 931-933 tapes & 928-930 books, add \$625.00; 934-936 tapes & 931-933 books, add \$627.00; 937-939 tapes & 934-936 books, add \$629.00; 940-942 tapes & 937-939 books, add \$631.00; 943-945 tapes & 940-942 books, add \$633.00; 946-948 tapes & 943-945 books, add \$635.00; 949-951 tapes & 946-948 books, add \$637.00; 952-954 tapes & 949-951 books, add \$639.00; 955-957 tapes & 952-954 books, add \$641.00; 958-960 tapes & 955-957 books, add \$643.00; 961-963 tapes & 958-960 books, add \$645.00; 964-966 tapes & 961-963 books, add \$647.00; 967-969 tapes & 964-966 books, add \$649.00; 970-972 tapes & 967-969 books, add \$651.00; 973-975 tapes & 970-972 books, add \$653.00; 976-978 tapes & 973-975 books, add \$655.00; 979-981 tapes & 976-978 books, add \$657.00; 982-984 tapes & 979-981 books, add \$659.00; 985-987 tapes & 982-984 books, add \$661.00; 988-990 tapes & 985-987 books, add \$663.00; 991-993 tapes & 988-990 books, add \$665.00; 994-996 tapes & 991-993 books, add \$667.00; 997-999 tapes & 994-996 books, add \$669.00; 1000-1002 tapes & 997-999 books, add \$671.00; 1003-1005 tapes & 1000-1002 books, add \$673.00; 1006-1008 tapes & 1003-1005 books, add \$675.00; 1009-1011 tapes & 1006-1008 books, add \$677.00; 1012-1014 tapes & 1009-1011 books, add \$679.00; 1015-1017 tapes & 1012-1014 books, add \$681.00; 1018-1020 tapes & 1015-1017 books, add \$683.00; 1021-1023 tapes & 1018-1020 books, add \$685.00; 1024-1026 tapes & 1021-1023 books, add \$687.00; 1027-1029 tapes & 1024-1026 books, add \$689.00; 1030-1032 tapes & 1027-1029 books, add \$691.00; 1033-1035 tapes & 1030-1032 books, add \$693.00; 1036-1038 tapes & 1033-1035 books, add \$695.00; 1039-1041 tapes & 1036-1038 books, add \$697.00; 1042-1044 tapes & 1039-1041 books, add \$699.00; 1045-1047 tapes & 1042-1044 books, add \$701.00; 1048-1050 tapes & 1045-1047 books, add \$703.00; 1051-1053 tapes & 1048-1050 books, add \$705.00; 1054-1056 tapes & 1051-1053 books, add \$707.00; 1057-1059 tapes & 1054-1056 books, add \$709.00; 1060-1062 tapes & 1057-1059 books, add \$711.00; 1063-1065 tapes & 1060-1062 books, add \$713.00; 1066-1068 tapes & 1063-1065 books, add \$715.00; 1069-1071 tapes & 1066-1068 books, add \$717.00; 1072-1074 tapes & 1069-1071 books, add \$719.00; 1075-1077 tapes & 1072-1074 books, add \$721.00; 1078-1080 tapes & 1075-1077 books, add \$723.00; 1081-1083 tapes & 1078-1080 books, add \$725.00; 1084-1086 tapes & 1081-1083 books, add \$727.00; 1087-1089 tapes & 1084-1086 books, add \$729.00; 1090-1092 tapes & 1087-1089 books, add \$731.00; 1093-1095 tapes & 1090-1092 books, add \$733.00; 1096-1098 tapes & 1093-1095 books, add \$735.00; 1099-1101 tapes & 1096-1098 books, add \$73